

ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

NO. 9
FEB.-MAR.

10¢





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HAVE A SLIMMER YOUTHFUL FEMININE APPEARANCE INSTANTLY! **REDUCE**

Don't look old before your time. Do as thousands of others do, wear a comfortable new and improved UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT! The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT, with the amazing new adjustable front panel, controls your figure the way you want it, with added support where you need it most. Simply adjust the laces and PRESTO your mid section is reshaped and your back braced and you look and feel younger!



**Your Appearance!
Look and Feel Like
Sixteen Again!**

No other girdle or supporter belt has more hold-in power! The Up-Lift Adjust-O-Belt is the newest, most comfortable girdle I ever had.

More Up-Lift and Hold-in Power!

The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT takes weight off tired feet and gives you a more alluring, more daringly feminine, curvaceous figure the instant you put it on. It gives you lovely curves just in the right places, with no unwanted bulges in the wrong ones. It whittles your waistline to nothingness, no matter what shape you may now have. It's easily adjusted — always comfortable!

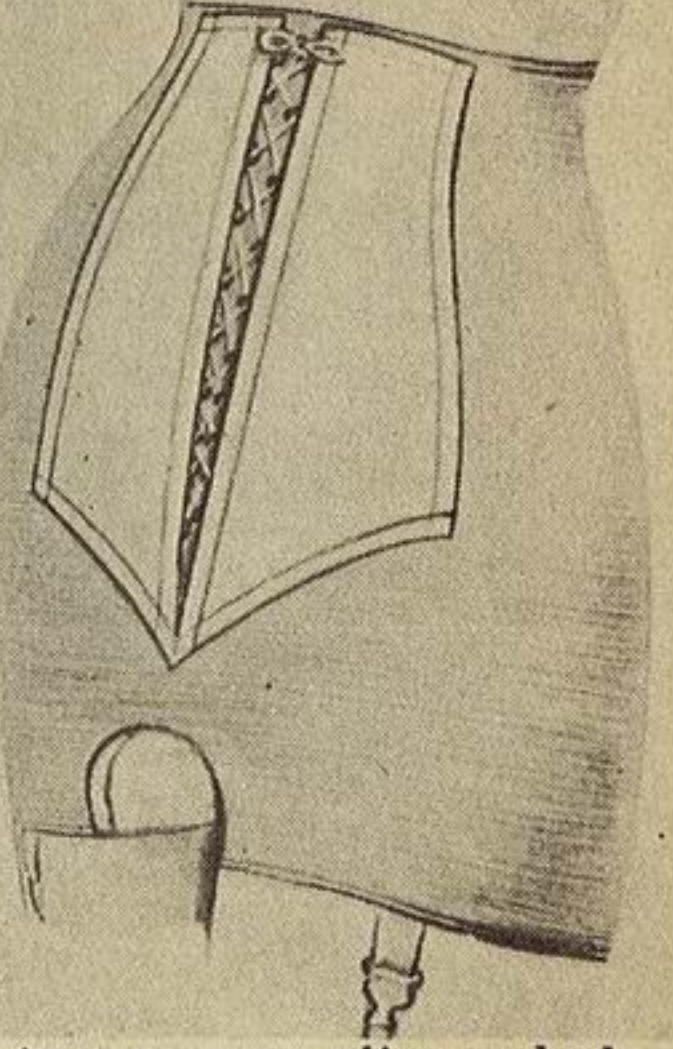
Test the ADJUST-O-BELT Up-Lift Principle with Your Own Hands!

Clasp your hands over your abdomen, press upwards and in gently but firmly. You feel better don't you! That's just what the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT does for you, only the ADJUST-O-BELT does it better. Mail Coupon and test it at home for 10 days FREE at our expense!

Appear Slimmer, and Feel Better!

The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT lifts and flattens unsightly bulges, comfortably, quickly, firmly. It readjusts easily to changes in your figure, yet no laces touch your body. It gives instant slenderizing figure control. It fashionably shapes your figure to its slimmest lines. Like magic the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT obeys your every wish. Pounds and inches seem to disappear instantly from waist, hips and thighs. You can adjust it to your slimmed down figure as your figure changes. It gives the same fit and comfort you get from a made to order costing 2 or 3 times the price. It washes like a dream.

Style: Panty and regular. Colors: Nude and white. It's made of the finest stretch material used in any girdle, with a pure satin front panel and made by the most skilled craftsmen. It's light in weight, but powerfully strong. It won't roll up, bulge or curl at the top. It gives extra-double support where you need it most. No other girdle at any price can give you better support, can make you look better, feel better or appear slimmer. Sizes 24 to 44 waist. Only \$3.98



You will look like and feel like this beautiful model in your new and improved Up-Lift Adjust-O-Belt.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE WITH A 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

If the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT isn't better than any supporter you ever had, if you don't feel more comfortable, if you don't look and feel younger, if your shape isn't 100% IMPROVED, if you are not delighted with it, return it and your money will be refunded in full.

FREE: New amazing NYLON laces will be sent free with your order. Try them instead of your regular laces. You may keep them FREE even if you return the girdle.

SEND NO MONEY

ADJUST-O-BELT CO., Dept. 199
1025 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Rush your new and improved UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT for \$3.98 in size and style check.

- ☐ Regular. ☐ Panty.
☐ C.O.D. I will pay postage, plus handling.
☐ I enclose \$3.98. You pay postage, plus handling.
CHECK SIZE: ☐ Sm. (25-26). ☐ Med. (27-28).
☐ Lg. (29-30). ☐ XL (31-32). ☐ XXL (34-36).
☐ XXXL (38-40). ☐ XXXXL (42-44).

Name _____

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I understand if not delighted with the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT, I can return it in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

SENT ON APPROVAL!

SHADOW of the PANTHER



There are more things on earth, the wise men say, than we have ever dreamed of... or can ever know! "**THINGS**" that can return the dead to the realm of the living! "**THINGS**" like **REINCARNATION**, and the unknown secrets of **LIFE**...and **DEATH**!

ROBERT LEWIS WAS A WISE MAN... YOUNG... AND A TOP SCIENTIST...

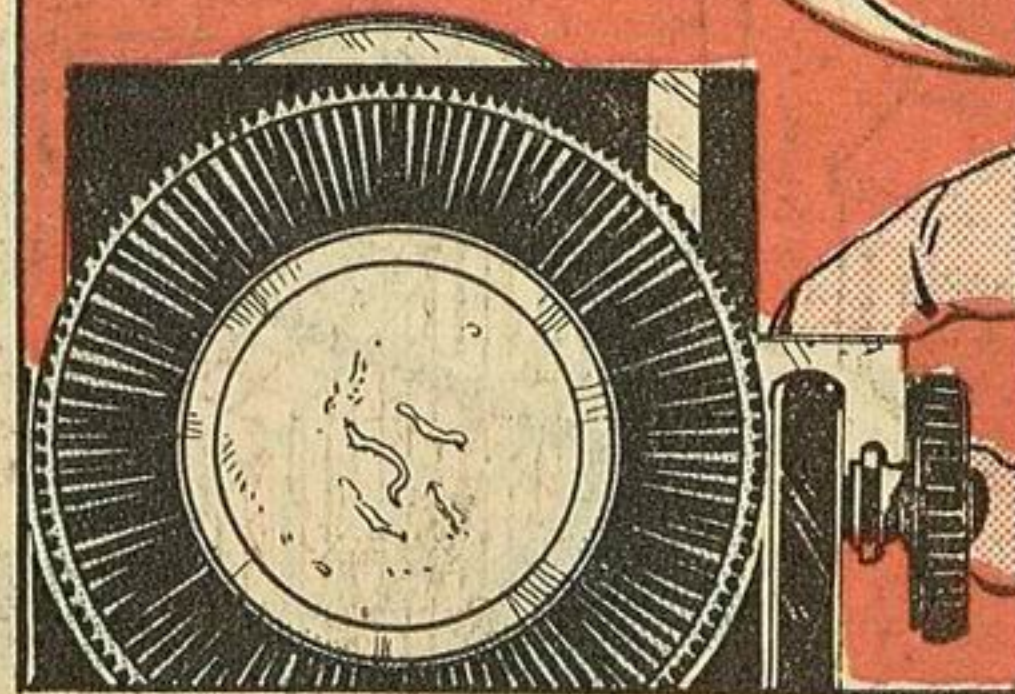
I'M GETTING CLOSER WITH EVERY EXPERIMENT... CLOSER TO THE **SECRET OF LIFE**! THIS HORMONE SOLUTION IN THE PROPER AMOUNT CAN DO IT... CAN BRING A DEAD ORGANISM BACK TO **LIFE**!



THESE PROTOZOA HAVE BEEN DEAD EVER SINCE I PLACED THEM ON THE SLIDE! NOW -- 15 CC OF THE NEW HORMONE... AND MAYBE **THIS TIME** ---



THIS TIME -- I'VE SUCCEEDED! I CAN SEE THEM MOVING AGAIN! THEY'RE ALIVE! BUT THOSE ARE NEW FORMS... DIFFERENT SHAPES! THEY'VE CHANGED ... I WONDER...!



FOR A MOMENT, DR. LEWIS WAS PUZZLED... BUT THE EXCITEMENT OF THE WONDERFUL NEW DISCOVERY DROVE ALL DOUBTS FROM HIS MIND! THE EXPERIMENTS HAD TO GO ON!

LATER...

THIS RABBIT'S JUST DIED -- BUT I'LL TRY SPRAYING IT WITH AN EQUIVALENT AMOUNT OF THE HORMONE! GOOD THING I HAVE THE CAGE... CAN'T TELL WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN! WELL -- **HERE GOES!**



PEERING THROUGH THE MIST OF THE SPRAY, ROBERT LEWIS SAW...

A FOX! THE RABBIT'S TURNED INTO A FOX! BUT THE IMPORTANT THING IS... **HE'S ALIVE AGAIN!**



THAT NIGHT...

THIS COULD BE THE GREATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY OF ALL TIME! I CAN'T SEEM TO CONTROL IT YET... BUT I MUST KEEP ON TRYING! AND **HERE'S MY CHANCE!**



IN THE MORNING...

MISTER, ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO TAKE THAT ANIMAL OFF **ALONE?** I'D BE GLAD TO HAVE HER SHIPPED TO YOUR PLACE!

NO, THANK YOU, I PREFER IT THIS WAY... **ALONE!**

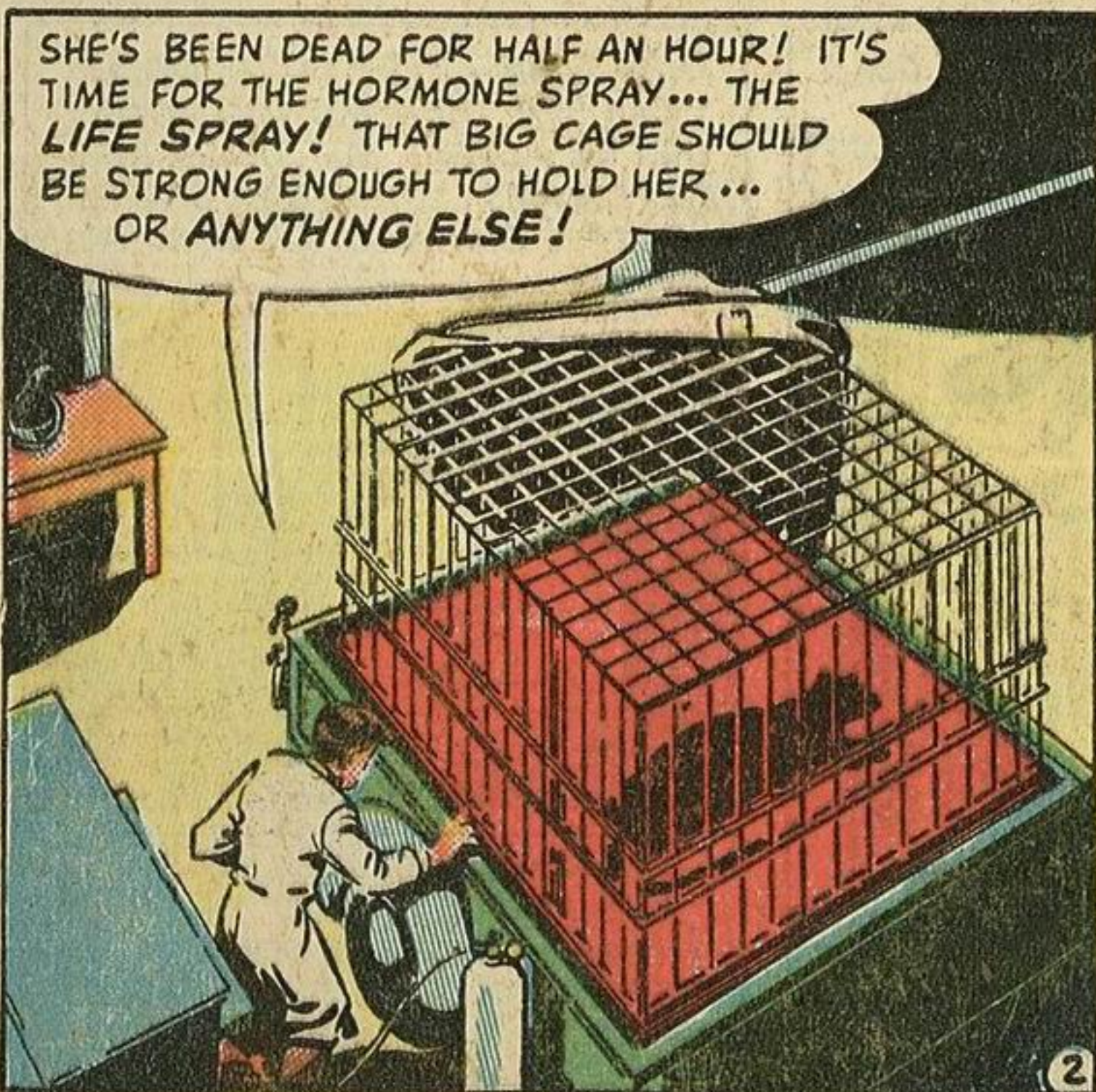


AND, BACK IN THE CAGE...

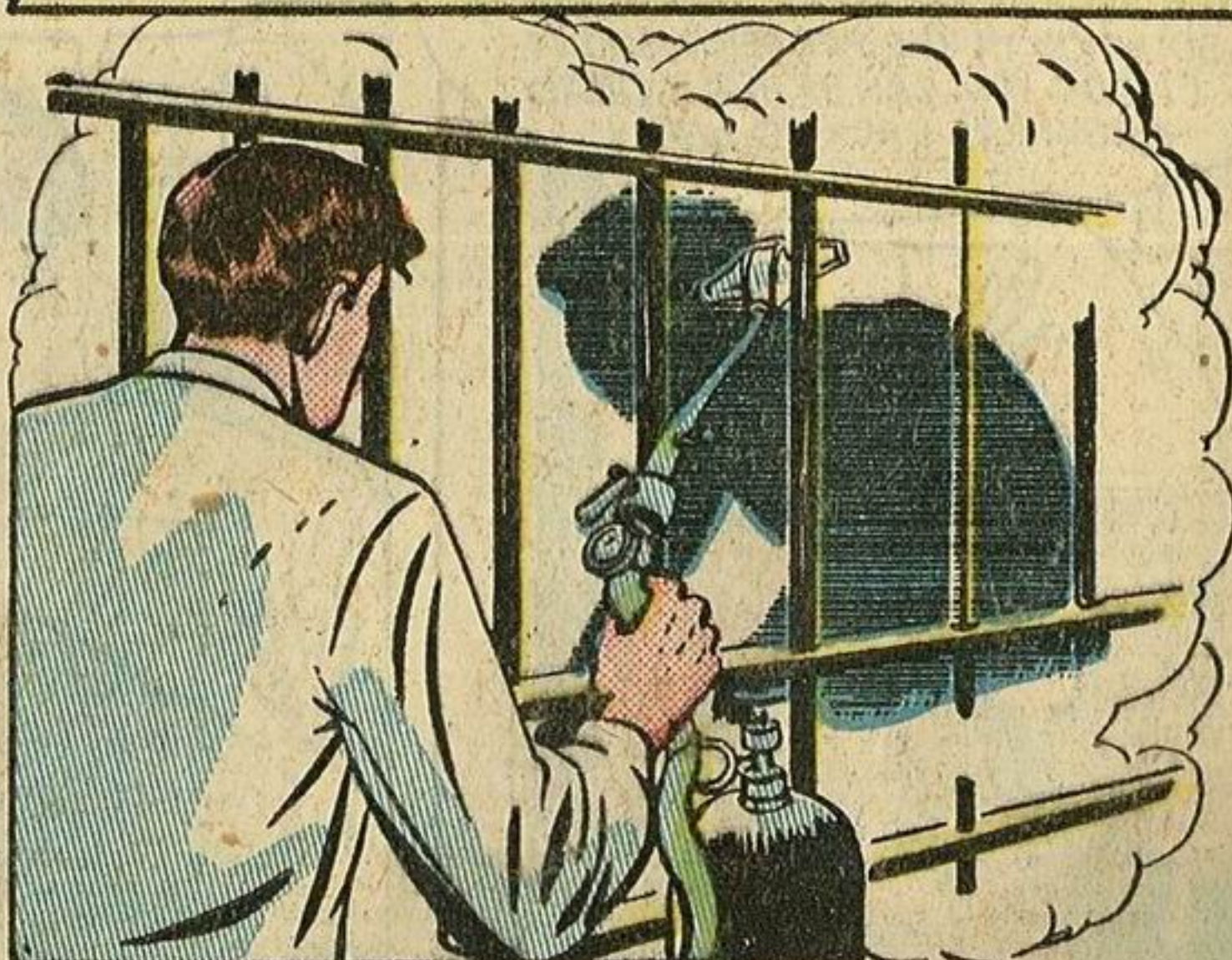
THERE'S MY NEXT SUBJECT... **A BLACK PANTHER!** GREAT SCOTT, SHE'S A BEAUTY! FIRST, THE GAS... TO KILL THE BEAST WITHOUT PHYSICAL INJURY!



SHE'S BEEN DEAD FOR HALF AN HOUR! IT'S TIME FOR THE HORMONE SPRAY... THE **LIFE SPRAY!** THAT BIG CAGE SHOULD BE STRONG ENOUGH TO HOLD HER... OR **ANYTHING ELSE!**



DR. LEWIS' HORMONE SPRAY ENVELOPED THE PANTHER'S CAGE! AND THEN -- IN THE MIST, THE FIGURE STIRRED WITH NEW LIFE! WAS LIFE BEING REBORN IN THE BODY OF A BLACK PANTHER OR IN SOME NEW, UNKNOWN FORM?





---A GIRL! A LIVING --
BREATHING -- **PANTHER**
GIRL!



THEN...

THOSE WILD GROWLS ... SHE LOOKS AS IF SHE
COULD TEAR ME APART! I'M ALMOST AFRAID
TO GO TO HER ... BUT I MUST!
I'M GOING IN!

GRRRR!

GRR-R!



THAT CAT-LIKE BODY, THOSE PANTHER EYES-- SHE'S
TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING! SHE WANTS TO BE
FRIENDLY! MAYBE ... MAYBE I CAN TEACH
HER TO BE A **WOMAN!**



THE LESSONS BEGAN...

LISTEN TO
ME, GIRL, AND
REPEAT
AFTER ME!

LISTEN...
LISTEN...

THAT IS A TABLE ...
A KNIFE... A FORK!
YOU ARE A GIRL...
YOUR NAME IS
MONA!

THAT IS A
TABLE! I AM
A ... GIRL!
MY NAME IS...
MONA!



**AND, IN AN AMAZINGLY
SHORT TIME...**

ROBERT, WHEN WILL
WE BE ABLE TO GO
OUT? I'D LIKE TO
SEE EVERYTHING,
DO EVERYTHING!

MONA, YOU'VE
LEARNED SO
FAST-- CHANGED
SO QUICKLY--
I CAN'T BELIEVE
YOU'RE THE
SAME... ER...
THE SAME
PERSON!



PUT ON ONE OF YOUR
NEW DRESSES AND
SOME OF THAT
MAKE-UP
I BOUGHT YOU
LAST WEEK!
WE'LL STEP
OUT RIGHT
NOW!

A NEW
DRESS, AND
A CHANCE TO
GO OUT --- ROBERT,
YOU'RE A
SWEETHEART!
I'LL BE RIGHT
BACK!



WELL, HOW DO I LOOK?
LIKE ME?

YOU-- YOU'RE
SO BEAUTIFUL,
YOU TAKE MY
BREATH
AWAY!

FEAR WAS FORGOTTEN... A NEW EMOTION TOOK ITS PLACE, AND GREW...

MONA, YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU, DARLING! MARRY ME ... RIGHT AWAY!

I... I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU TO ASK ME! I'LL MARRY YOU, ROBERT, ANYTIME YOU SAY!



... BUT A SHADOW HUNG OVER THE HAPPY SCENE!

I HAVE THE RING ALL PICKED OUT, BUT I WANT YOU TO LOOK AT IT FIRST! ... MONA, WHAT'S THE MATTER?

I'M SURE I'LL LOVE IT...

GRR-RR!



SUDDENLY...

MONA! THAT HUGE DOG... HE LOOKS DANGEROUS! LOOK OUT!

GRR-RR.R!



AS THE DOG CAME FACE-TO-FACE WITH THE GIRL, IT WAS AS THOUGH THE ANIMAL HAD GONE STARK, RAVING MAD! HOWLING, BRISTLING, IT BACKED AWAY!



... AND DOCTOR ROBERT LEWIS LOOKED ON... WIDE-EYED! AND FEAR CAME BACK!

THAT STRANGE, FIERCE LOOK ON HER FACE... IT'S **COME BACK!** NO -- IT CAN'T BE... I WON'T LET MYSELF THINK **THAT!**

MONA... MONA! GET HOLD OF YOURSELF! THAT WAS ONLY A DOG... JUST A DOG!



BUT THE FEAR REMAINED! SOON AFTER, ROBERT LEWIS TOOK HIS FIANCEE TO THE ZOO... **DELIBERATELY!** IT WAS THERE THAT **FATE** TOOK A HAND... AGAIN...

WE'LL HAVE A NICE AFTERNOON HERE, MONA -- WHAT'S THAT?

LOOK OUT! LEOPARD'S LOOSE!

HELP! HELP!



THE CROWD SCATTERED, BATTLING TO AVOID THE SNARLING BEAST! FRIGHTENED, ROBERT LEWIS BEGAN TO RUN, TOO... BUT THEN HE STOPPED, TURNED BACK! ONE FIGURE STOOD BETWEEN HIM AND THE RAGING LEOPARD... THE FIGURE OF A WOMAN...



THE FIGURE WAS THAT OF A WOMAN -- THE FACE THAT OF A GIRL! AND THE SOUL...??? THE BEAST CHARGED!

MONA! HE'LL KILL YOU!
GET BACK!

SHE'S FACING THE LEOPARD DOWN! THE ANIMAL'S **AFRAID** OF HER!



SHE'S LEADING THE BEAST BACK TO ITS CAGE!... THE LEOPARD'S TAME AS A KITTEN! WE'RE ALL **SAFE!** AND MONA'S SO CALM AND COOL... LIKE A **QUEEN!**

TO THE LOVE-BLINDED EYES OF ROBERT LEWIS, MONA WAS CALM, COOL, BRAVE... AND **HUMAN!** BUT IN THE DARK OF THAT NIGHT... UNDER A FULL MOON...



IN ANOTHER WING OF THE HOUSE...

WHAT --- SOMETHING WOKE ME! --- GOT TO GET UP!... MONA! SOMETHING... WRONG... I MUST SEE **MONA!**



The SHADOW OF THE PANTHER HOVERED... AGAIN!

HER ROOM'S EMPTY... SHE'S **GONE!** I MUST FIND HER BEFORE SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAPPENS! BEFORE ---



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE STREET, A MAN WAS LYING DEAD... AND UPON HIM WERE GRAVEN --- THE MARKS OF A **GIGANTIC CAT!**



NEXT DAY...

LAST NIGHT... THAT **CAT-KILLER!**... I MUST ASK MONA, YET I CAN'T! IN THREE DAYS, WE'LL BE MARRIED AND ALL THIS WILL BE FORGOTTEN! I WON'T BE AFRAID ANY MORE!

ROBERT, CHEER UP! YOU'RE NOT A CONDEMNED MAN... YOU'RE A **BRIDEGROOM!**

HOW'S ABOUT A KISS FOR THE BRIDE BEFORE YOU LOCK YOURSELF UP IN THAT LAB FOR THE REST OF THE DAY?

I LOVE HER AND SHE LOVES ME... THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR!

THE WEDDING DAY DAWNED GREY AND UNEVENTFUL! AT WEDDING TIME...

THE BRIDE'S A LITTLE LATE, DR. LEWIS --- SHALL I GO FETCH HER?

NO, I DON'T WANT ANYBODY ELSE TO GO! **I'LL GO!**

BUT, DR. LEWIS... IT'S **BAD LUCK** FOR THE GROOM TO SEE THE BRIDE BEFORE THE CEREMONY!

ALL OUR BAD LUCK IS **BEHIND US...** SHE'S SO BEAUTIFUL!

ALMOST READY, O DARLING?



READY! YOUR LAST KISS AS A BACHELOR... NO REGRETS?

I LOVE YOU... **NO REGRETS!**

DR. ROBERT LEWIS STEPPED BACK... **HORROR-STRICKEN!**

WAIT! YOUR FACE... IN THAT LIGHT... IT'S CHANGING! IT'S FIERCE... CAT-LIKE... **PANTHER-LIKE!**

YOU... YOU'RE STILL A PANTHER... A **KILLER!** I CHANGED YOU IN BODY, BUT NEVER IN SOUL! NOW YOU'RE CHANGING BACK TO THE **BEAST!** KEEP BACK... **BACK!**

I MUST KILL HER... OR **SHE'LL KILL...**



THEN, IN AN INSTANT, ROBERT LEWIS RECOILED! SUDDENLY, THE THOUGHT CAME -- "HOW DOES IT FEEL TO KISS... A CAT??"





The Planet Reporter

SCIENTIST KILLED BY MYSTERIOUS BLACK PANTHER!

CAT ESCAPES!

MISSING BRIDE SOUGHT! WHEREABOUTS UNKNOWN!

WEDDING TRAGEDY!

SCIENTIST BELIEVED ON VERGE OF GREAT DISCOVERY.

The shadow of the **BLACK PANTHER** hovered over Doctor Robert Lewis -- and **FELL!** Seeking to preserve the living flesh he reincarnated strange forms...and **DIED!** For he had dared to plumb the forbidden **SECRETS OF LIFE, DEATH -- AND THE UNKNOWN!**

NO ANSWER

THERE was no conscience in Vinny's eyes. Only fear.

He sat on the edge of the narrow iron bed in the cheap hotel room and tried to concentrate on a game of solitaire. But the cards stuck to his sweaty fingers and their colors and numbers were blurs before his fear-filled eyes.

Vinny had just killed a man.

"I did it on orders," he kept telling himself. "It was an order from the boss. Nobody tells the boss 'no.' So what? So I killed him! There hadda be a first time!"

For Vinny, the first time had been a nightmare. He kept hearing that voice, strangely shrill and high-pitched . . . the squeak of a cornered rat.

"Don't shoot, Vinny! Don't shoot . . . please . . . please . . . please . . ." The voice had cracked on the last word and Vinny had gritted his teeth as it squeaked off into . . . silence.

But Vinny was a superstitious guy, and a superstitious guy doesn't do things like this easily. Instead, he keeps hearing that shrill voice, over and over, pleading for mercy!

The hotel room grew darker and darker. Only the flash of an electric sign outside threw a rhythmic light into the room. And still Vinny sat, the fear within him growing . . . spreading . . . widening . . .

And then the phone rang.

"Yeah?" he said, into the speaker. "Yeah?"

His eyes grew glazed and his mouth widened as though for more air. Although the room was stuffy and hot, a thin, knife-blade chill cut along his spine, until it reached the nape of his neck.

That voice. That high-pitched voice, pleading, begging, "Don't shoot, Vinny! Don't shoot . . . please . . . please . . . please . . ."

The pounding of Vinny's heart increased, so that his whole body shook with fear. And then, his heart seemed to explode with the fear, and the crash shook him, lifeless, to the floor . . .

They broke into the room the next day. A couple of cops and the desk clerk. They found Vinny, his body slumped on the floor, his right hand clutching the phone, which was still off the hook.

One of the cops turned him over with the toe of his heavy shoe. "Saves us the trouble of makin' an arrest," he remarked.

"Right," said the other cop, yawning.

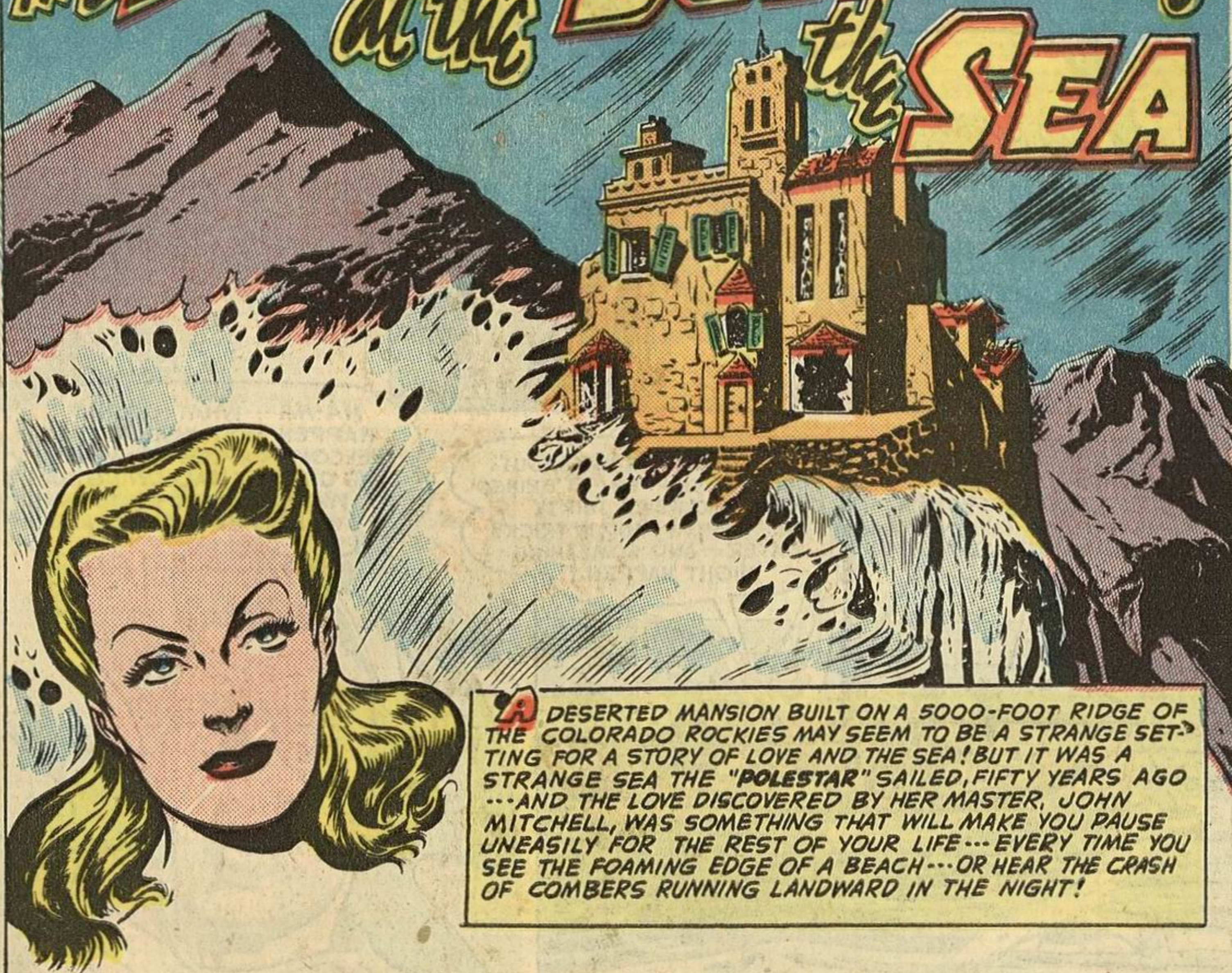
But the desk clerk stared at the body and his eyes were full of fear. Fear and incomprehension.

"The phone!" he said. "He's got it off the hook! He's been *talkin'* to somebody!"

"So?" smiled one of the cops.

"You . . . you don't understand. There has been *no call*, to or from this room, through my switchboard!"

The THING at the BOTTOM of the SEA



A DESERTED MANSION BUILT ON A 5000-FOOT RIDGE OF THE COLORADO ROCKIES MAY SEEM TO BE A STRANGE SETTING FOR A STORY OF LOVE AND THE SEA! BUT IT WAS A STRANGE SEA THE "POLESTAR" SAILED, FIFTY YEARS AGO ...AND THE LOVE DISCOVERED BY HER MASTER, JOHN MITCHELL, WAS SOMETHING THAT WILL MAKE YOU PAUSE UNEASILY FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE ... EVERY TIME YOU SEE THE FOAMING EDGE OF A BEACH ... OR HEAR THE CRASH OF COMBERS RUNNING LANDWARD IN THE NIGHT!

YES ... IF YOU DON'T MIND THE HEAVY DAMPNESS INSIDE, AND THE GRITTIENESS UNDERFOOT, WE'LL FIND CLUES IN THE DARKNESS ... CLUES TO THE INCREDIBLE ADVENTURE OF JOHN MITCHELL!



MAYBE IT'S THE MOONLIGHT THAT SPARKLES IN THESE LONELY ROOMS ... **MOONLIGHT** ... AND MAYBE A LITTLE BIT ... OF SOMETHING ELSE!



IT'S ALL IN HERE ... WORD FOR WORD! BUT BEFORE WE START TO READ ... ARE YOUR NERVES GOOD? WILL YOU BE ABLE TO FACE THE NIGHT ALONE ... AFTER LEARNING WHAT NIGHTS MEANT TO JOHN MITCHELL?



I ASKED BECAUSE **THIS** IS WHAT HE SCRAWLED ON THE FLYLEAF ON THE **LAST** OF THOSE NIGHTS... **IN THIS HOUSE!**

It's coming... the black frothing thing!

HOWEVER...LET'S START WITH JOHN MITCHELL'S FIRST ENTRY...THE ONE HE WROTE NEARLY FIFTY YEARS AGO! HERE...I'LL HOLD THE PAGE CLOSE SO YOU CAN READ IT IN THE DARKNESS...THE DARKNESS THAT BROUGHT HIM A SURGING WAVE OF TERROR!

Sept. 14. Two days off the Florida coast. We've had empty nets for nearly a week. I'm fed up...

YOU HEARD ME... **FED UP!** WHEN A TRAWLER CAN'T MAKE EXPENSES THREE VOYAGES RUNNING... **SHE'S JINXED!**

DON'T TALK THAT WAY ABOUT THE SHIP, SKIPPER...IT BRINGS BAD LUCK! WE'RE THIRTY MILES FROM LAND, IN TRICKY WATER...AND SOMETHING MIGHT HAPPEN!

HA-HA...WHAT COULD HAPPEN THAT WOULDN'T BE WELCOME? AFTER SIX WASTED DAYS ON THIS WALLOWING TUB, I'M **WAITING** FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN...**ANYTHING!**

AS YOU MIGHT GUESS...JOHN MITCHELL DIDN'T HAVE LONG TO WAIT! YOU CAN BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAY THAT SOMETHING DOWN IN THOSE GREEN DEPTHS **HEARD** HIM...SOMETHING IN THE NOISELESS TWILIGHT OF THE SEA! BUT WE'LL LET JOHN MITCHELL TELL HIS STORY...

"The men talked me into lowering the net again. It came up light...and as I roared at them for being fools..."

TWO PIECES OF DEAD MAN'S CORAL! YOU KNOW WHAT **THAT** MEANS, SKIPPER...TWO DEAD MEN ABOARD... **THIS VOYAGE!**

BAH! SEE WHAT **ELSE** YOU CAN FIND, YOU FOOL...I'M **BEGINNING** TO LIKE JINXES!



STOW THAT TALK---
AND LOOK AT **THIS!**
IT'S **GOLD**---A
GOLD INGOT!

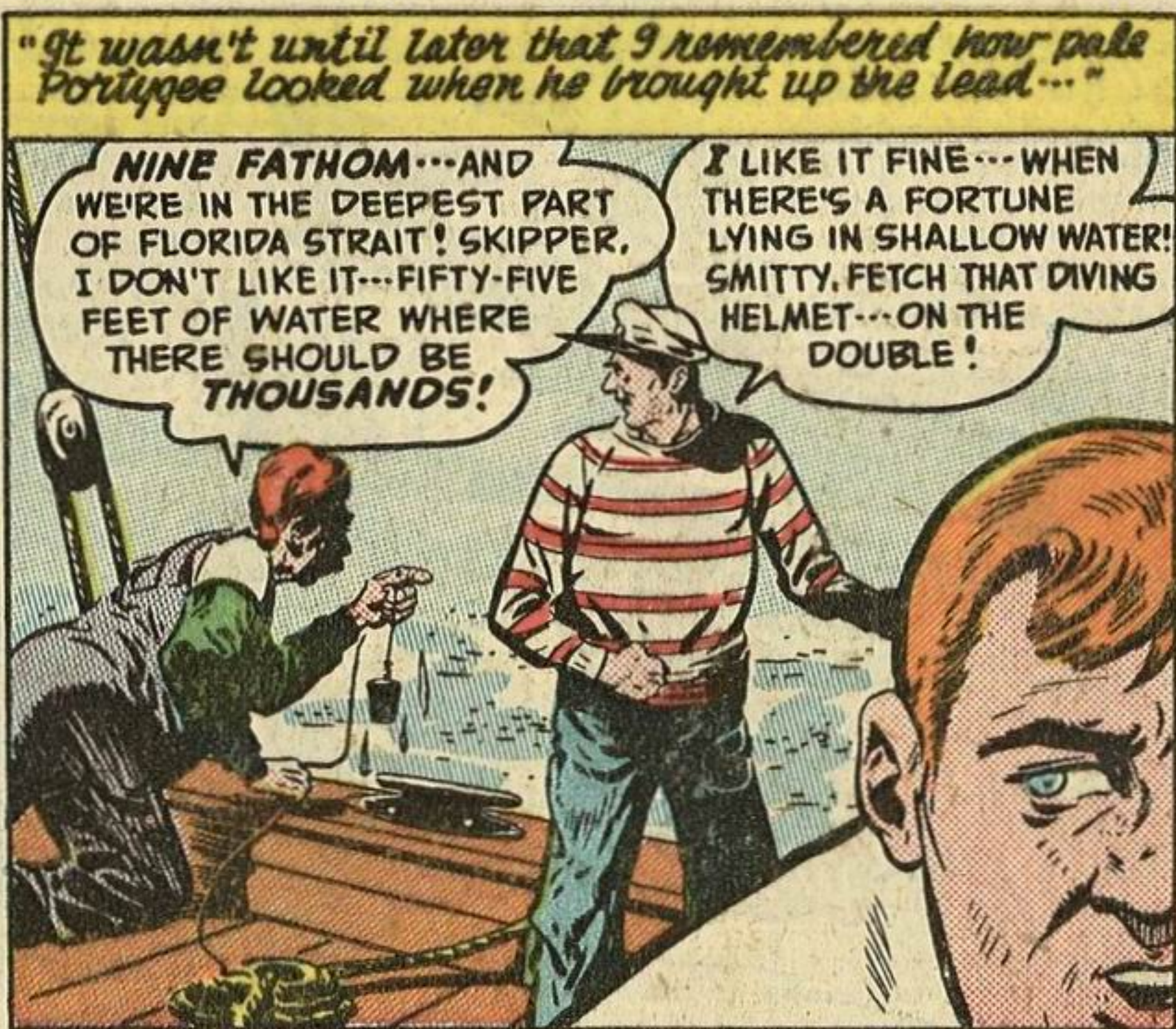


GOLD!
WHERE...
WHERE?

LET'S SEE! KEEL
HAUL ME IF IT **ISN'T**
A GOLD INGOT!



WHERE THERE'S **ONE** OF THESE
THINGS---THERE'S APT TO BE
HUNDREDS! WE'RE OVER A WRECK
---THE WRECK OF A TREASURE GALLEON
THAT PROBABLY SANK CENTURIES
AGO---LOADED TO THE GUNWALES
WITH **GOLD!** HOP TO IT---**TAKE A
SOUNDING!**



*"It wasn't until later that I remembered how pale
Portugee looked when he brought up the lead..."*

NINE FATHOM---AND
WE'RE IN THE DEEPEST PART
OF FLORIDA STRAIT! SKIPPER,
I DON'T LIKE IT---FIFTY-FIVE
FEET OF WATER WHERE
THERE SHOULD BE
THOUSANDS!

I LIKE IT FINE---WHEN
THERE'S A FORTUNE
LYING IN SHALLOW WATER!
SMITTY, FETCH THAT DIVING
HELMET---ON THE
DOUBLE!



SKIPPER, LISTEN TO ME! DEAD
MAN'S CORAL---A BAR OF GOLD
---AND THEN SHALLOW WATER
TWO DAYS OUT! IT'S BAD,
SKIPPER---AND IT'S GOING
TO BE **WORSE** IF YOU
GO DOWN!

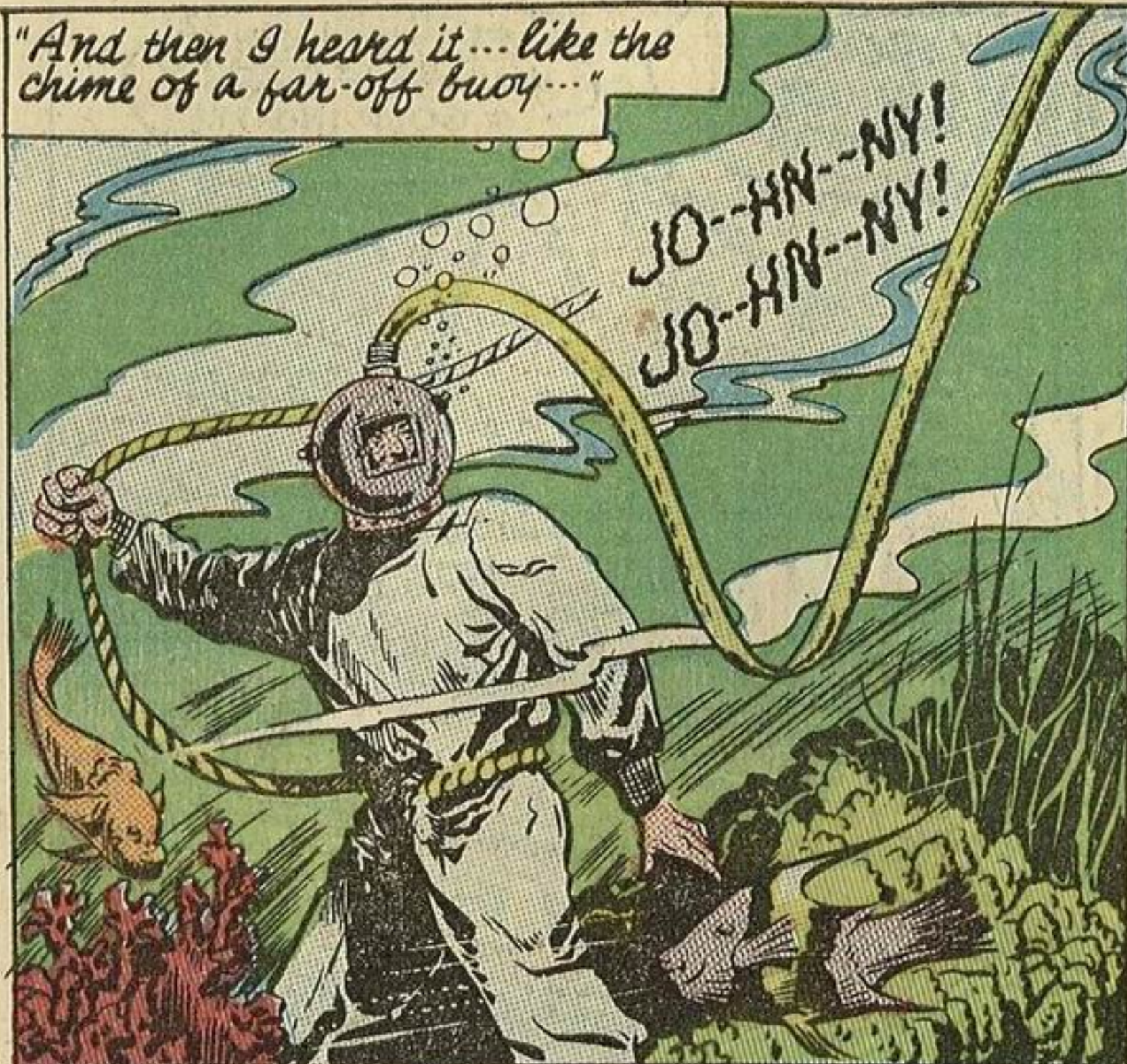
HOLD YOUR JAW---AND
GET ON THE PUMP!
SMITTY---KEEP FAST
ON THAT LIFELINE!



*"Maybe they thought I was crazy---and
maybe they would have been sure of it
if they could have followed me---down---
down---into an eerie world!"*

STRANGE---SUNLIGHT
FROM THE SURFACE DOESN'T
REACH DOWN **THIS** DEEP---
BUT THERE'S A SHINING
HAZE IN THE WATER---
LIKE AMBER---LIKE
GOLD!

"And then I heard it... like the chime of a far-off buoy..."



JO--HN--NY!
JO--HN--NY!

IT'S JUST THE TIDE... RUNNING THROUGH THE CORAL! THERE'S NO ONE DOWN HERE BUT ME... **NO ONE!**



"But I knew--knew before I saw her... her hair streaming like kelp in the golden depths!"

I KNOW WHERE IT IS, JOHNNY... I CAN HELP YOU FIND IT! BUT FIRST... **YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE A PROMISE!**



HOW DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM... WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR? **WHO ARE YOU?**

UNDINE IS WHAT THEY NAMED ME AGES AGO... BUT DOES IT MATTER THAT I'M **OLD**... OLD AS THE FIRST SHIPS THAT PLUNGED THROUGH THE SURF? PROMISE TO LOVE ME, JOHNNY... PROMISE TO TAKE ME WITH YOU... AWAY FROM THE DEEP, COLD CURRENTS... **AWAY FROM THE SEA!**



"Promise? Why not, if she wasn't real... if **nothing** was real but the sunken gold?"

NOTHING HARD TO TAKE ABOUT **THAT BARGAIN!** SURE, UNDINE... I'LL LOVE YOU! WE'LL **BOTH** OF US LEAVE THE SEA... **FOREVER!**

IT'S A PACT, JOHNNY! AND NOW, JUST IN CASE YOU THINK YOU'RE DREAMING... **COME WITH ME!**



"There they were, just beyond a flaming arch of red coral... more gold ingots than a man could carry... more wealth than I ever dreamed of!"

AND THEY THOUGHT I WAS NUTS, EH? WAIT'LL THEY SEE... WHAT COMES UP IN THE NET **THIS TIME!**



"It took me a half hour to load the bars! Then I could feel... hard, yellow, shining gold!"

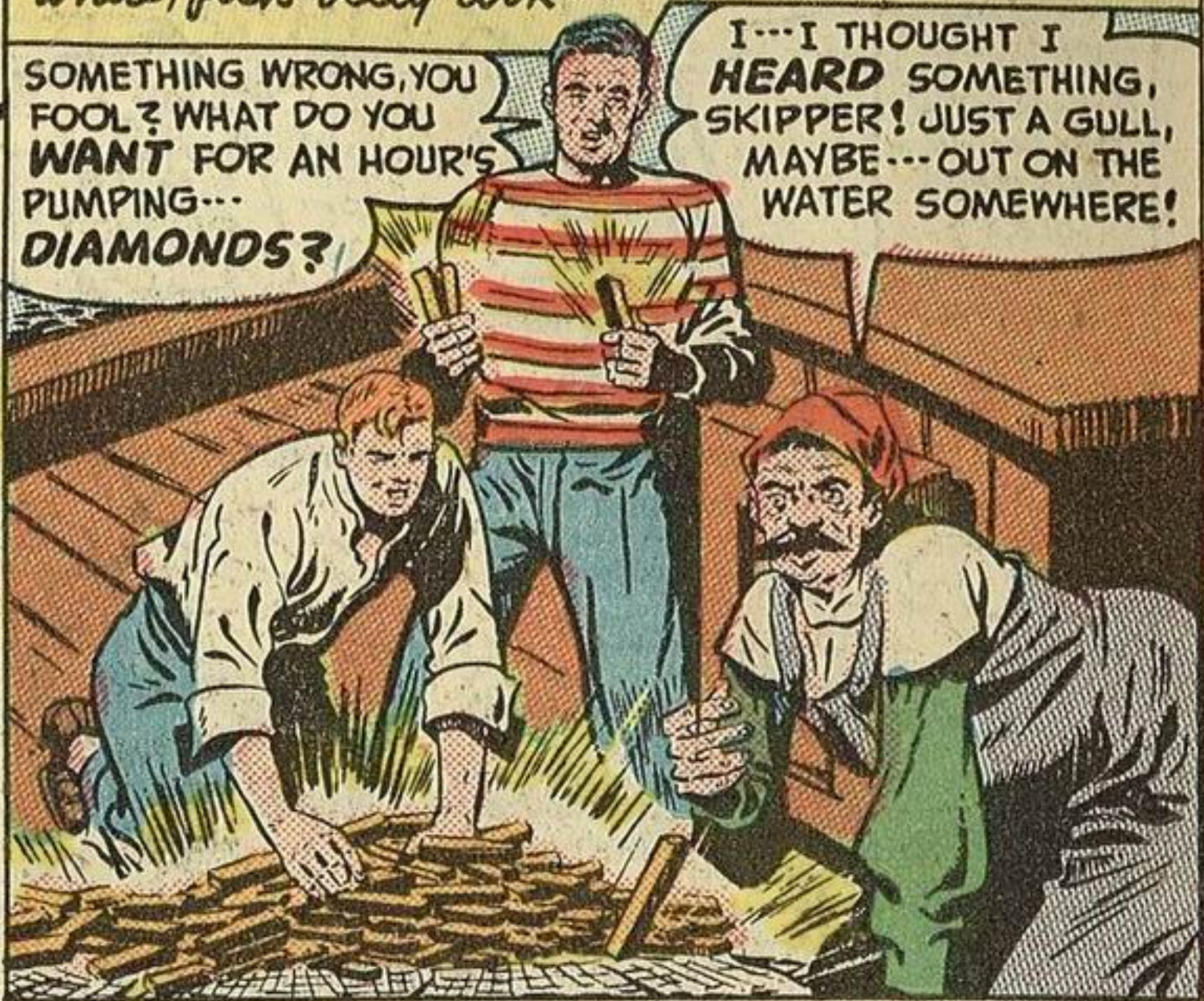
I'LL BE DOWN FOR YOU, UNDINE... THE MINUTE WE UN-LOAD! NOT MORE THAN A FEW MINUTES... AFTER ALL THESE CENTURIES! REMEMBER, JOHNNY... YOU PROMISED!



"Portygee and Smitty were like wild men... pawing at the net and yelling themselves hoarse! And then... Portygee got that look again... that white, fish-belly look..."

SOMETHING WRONG, YOU FOOL? WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR AN HOUR'S PUMPING... DIAMONDS?

I... I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING, SKIPPER! JUST A GULL, MAYBE... OUT ON THE WATER SOMEWHERE!



SKIPPER, NO ONE EVER PICKED UP A FORTUNE FOR NOTHING! IF WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING FOR IT... SELL OUR SOULS FOR IT... FOR THE LOVE OF PETE, DUMP IT BACK!

I'M GETTING SICK OF THAT TALK... DEAD MAN'S CORAL AND SELLING SOULS! UP ANCHOR, YOU CRACKPOT! SMITTY... GET THE ENGINE KICKING!

ONLY A MAN SURE OF HIS OWN DOOM WOULD HAVE WRITTEN THE WORDS THAT COME NEXT... IN THAT NIGHT'S ENTRY! MITCHELL WAS ON DECK... STACKING THE GOLD INGOTS... WHEN HE HEARD A TERRIFIED YELL...



THAT'S NO GULL! IT'S A WOMAN'S VOICE... AND I CAN HEAR THE NAME SHE'S CALLING!



WHAT'S SHE WANT, SKIPPER... HOUNDING US LIKE THAT? WHAT DID YOU TELL HER WHEN YOU GOT THE GOLD... DOWN THERE IN FIFTY-FIVE FEET OF WATER?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN... HER? DID YOU SEE ANYTHING, YOU FOOL? AND WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE WHEN WE'LL BE TYING UP IN THREE HOURS... WITH ENOUGH GOLD TO QUIT THE SEA FOR GOOD?



"And then it came again... like the sea, mournful and far away... like the sea, raging and sweeping close..."



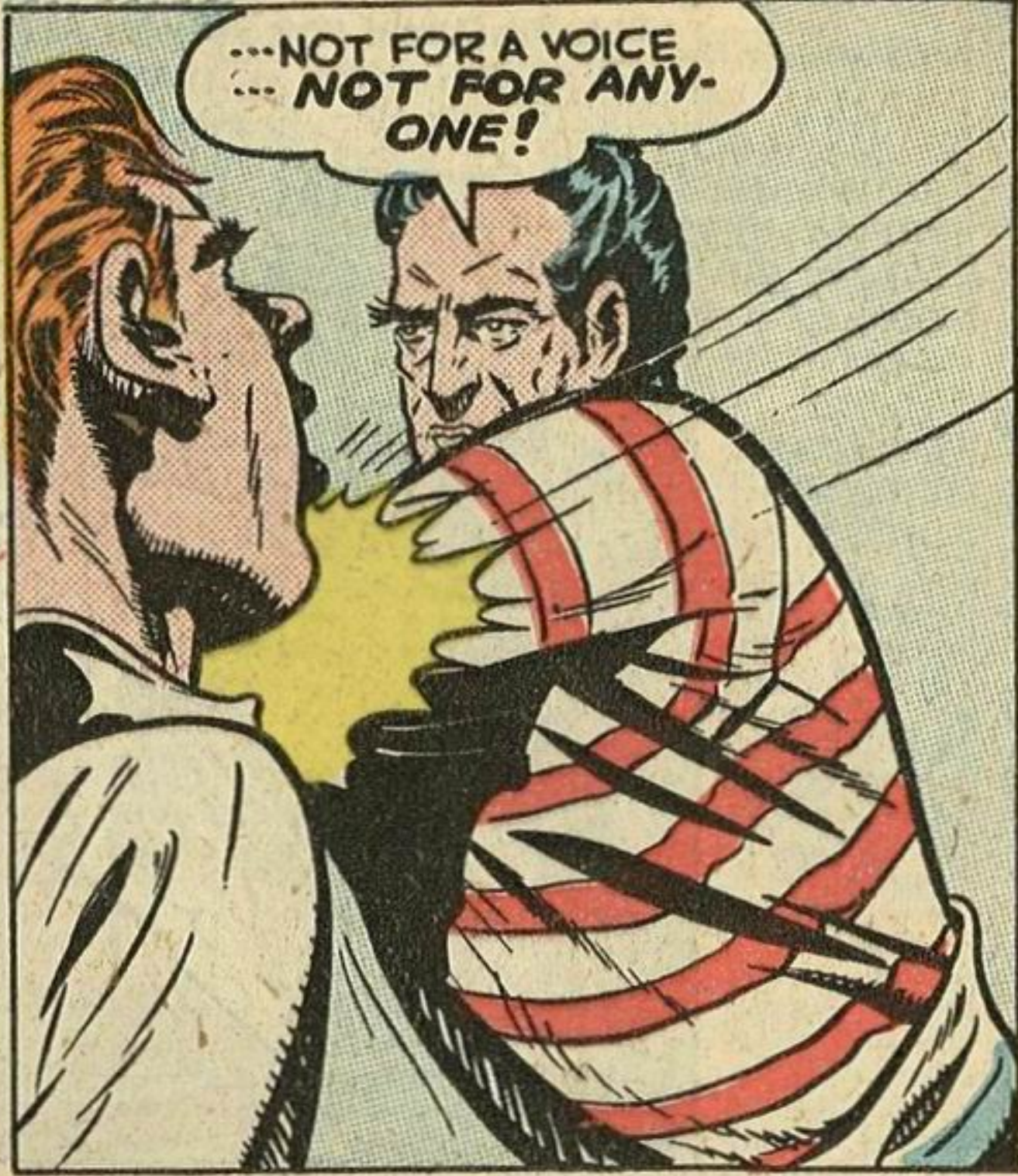
PROMISED SOMETHING... FOR THAT? GIVE IT BACK, SKIPPER... GIVE HER BACK HER GOLD!

"In the next second, they were scuttling around the deck like crabs... flinging the ingots over the side!"



YOU DOWN THERE... TAKE IT! TAKE IT ALL!

STOP IT! I'M NOT GIVING IT UP...



...NOT FOR A VOICE
...NOT FOR ANY-ONE!

"If I ever saw fear, I saw it then... the kind of fear that kills those who feel it... and those who face it!"



KEEP BACK, SKIPPER!

WE'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THAT MOANING DEMON... THE GOLD'S GOING OVER!

"A voice didn't matter... and they didn't matter! There was nothing in the world but the deck under my feet, and the curling waves... and the gold!"



BANG!

BANG!



SHE MEANT IT TO BE MINE... AND NOW... IT IS MINE!

"No, a voice didn't matter... but what I heard now wasn't a voice! It welled up out of the sunset... like the howl of a thing possessed!"

MINE... HEAR ME? GO ON, LAUGH... LAUGH AND STAY DOWN THERE... AFTER I'M ASHORE WITH THE GOLD!



HA-HA-HA!
HA-HA!

"From that moment on... I neither saw nor heard! I didn't care what drifted behind the ship... as long as port lay ahead!"



JO-HA-NY! THE GO-LD ISN'T WO-RTH IT, JO-HA-NY!

BUT MITCHELL THOUGHT IT *WAS*...AND WHO WOULDN'T...A CARGO OF GOLD THAT SOLD WITHIN A WEEK FOR NEARLY A MILLION DOLLARS? HE TURNED HIS BACK ON THE "POLESTAR" AND TRAVELED INLAND...FROM THE HIGH SEAS TO THE HIGH MOUNTAINS...FROM A RUSTY TRAWLER TO A MANSION IN THE CLOUDS!



YES, A STRANGE PLACE TO KEEP A LOG-BOOK...AS IF A SECRET VOICE KEPT CALLING...TELLING JOHN MITCHELL HIS VOYAGE WASN'T OVER!



"These days ashore have floated by like a dream! Everything's perfect...the house, the view...everything but one little detail!"

FUNNY I NEVER NOTICED IT BEFORE...THAT LOW HUM IN MY EARS! BUT WHAT'S A LITTLE DEAFNESS... NOW?



"A low hum...a low, rolling hum! It was soothing, at first...but lately I've been lying awake nights, listening!"

IT'S THE WIND RUSTLING THE PINES DOWN IN THE VALLEY! A ROCKY, INLAND VALLEY...DRY AS A BONE! THERE'S NO REASON WHY IT SHOULD SOUND SO STRANGE...SO...WET!



"Do I dream, I think it...or think I dream it?...or is it nerves...just nerves?"



LOOK, SKIPPER...DEAD MAN'S CORAL!

YOOO-HOO! YOO-HOO, JOHNNY!



"I go down to the cellar...half asleep, half dead...and it follows me..."

LISTEN...YOU DON'T THINK I CAN DROWN YOU OUT, HAH? DROWN...DROWN...WHAT MADE ME SAY THAT?

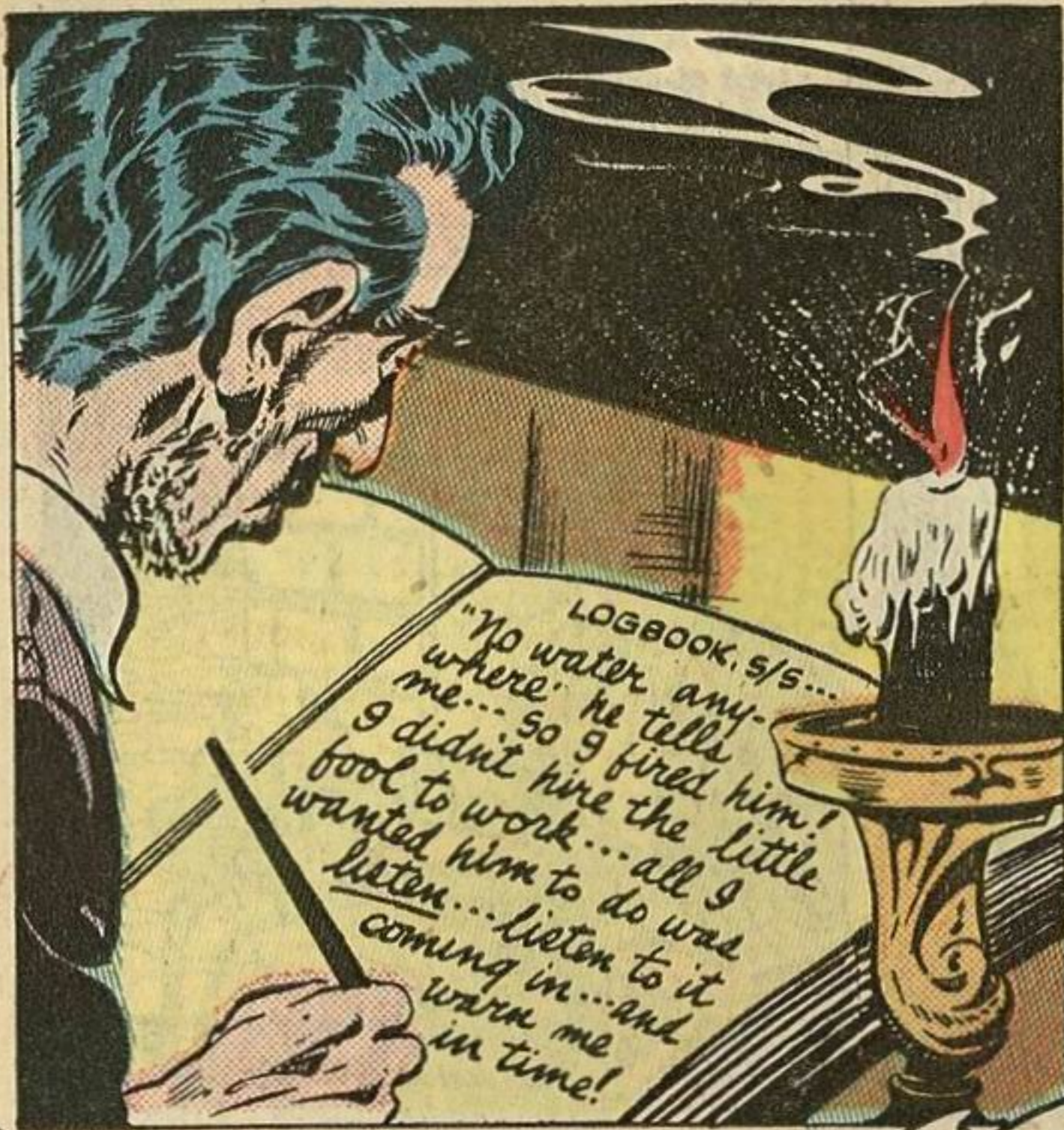


"It's with me every minute...surge and splash...surge and splash...and I'm going nuts!"

STOP IT...STOP IT, YOU GRINNING APE! TURN OFF THAT WATER RUNNING INTO THE BATHTUB!

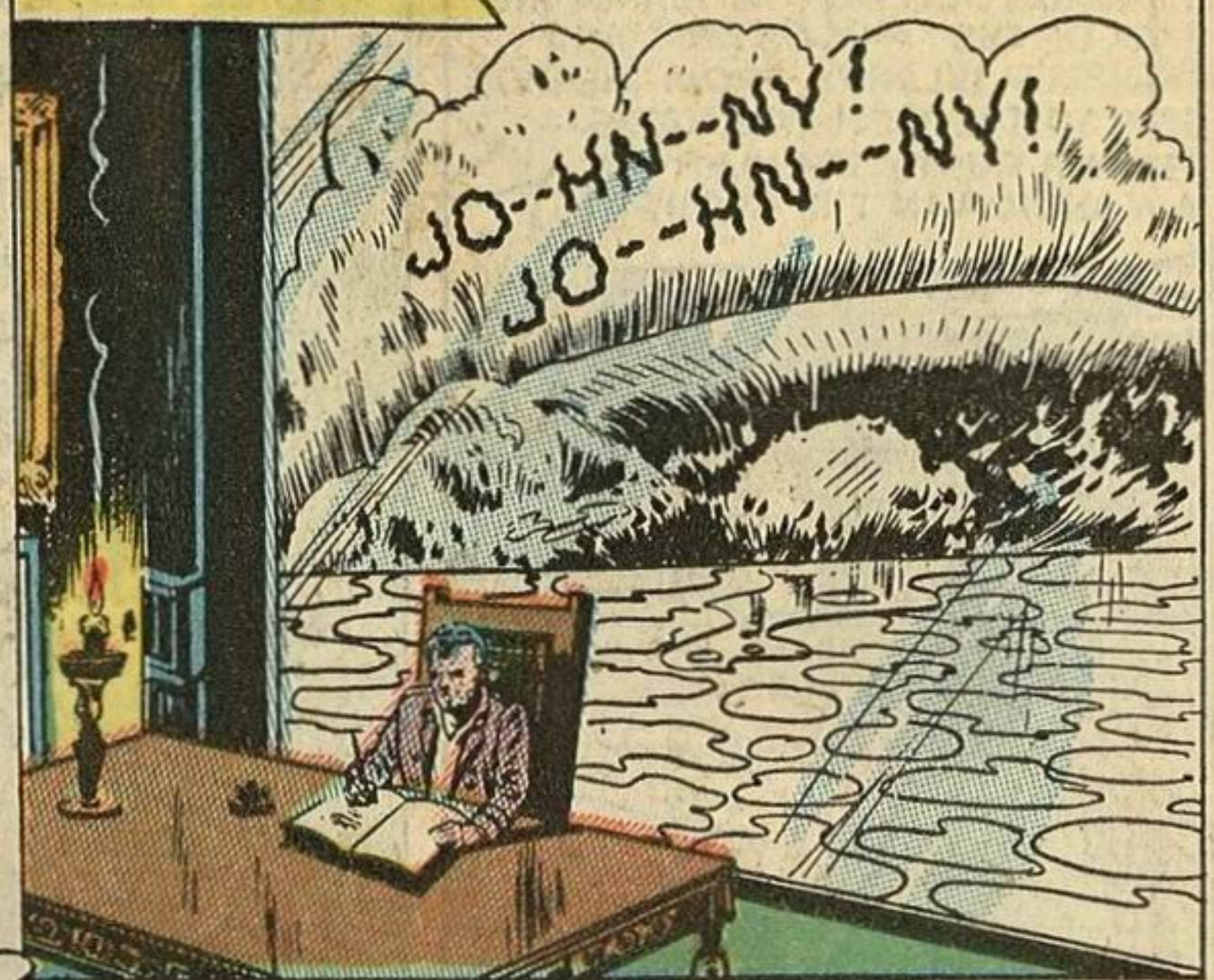
BOSS, I TELL YOU FIVE TIMES! BATH TUB EMPTY...NO WATER RUNNING ANYWHERE!





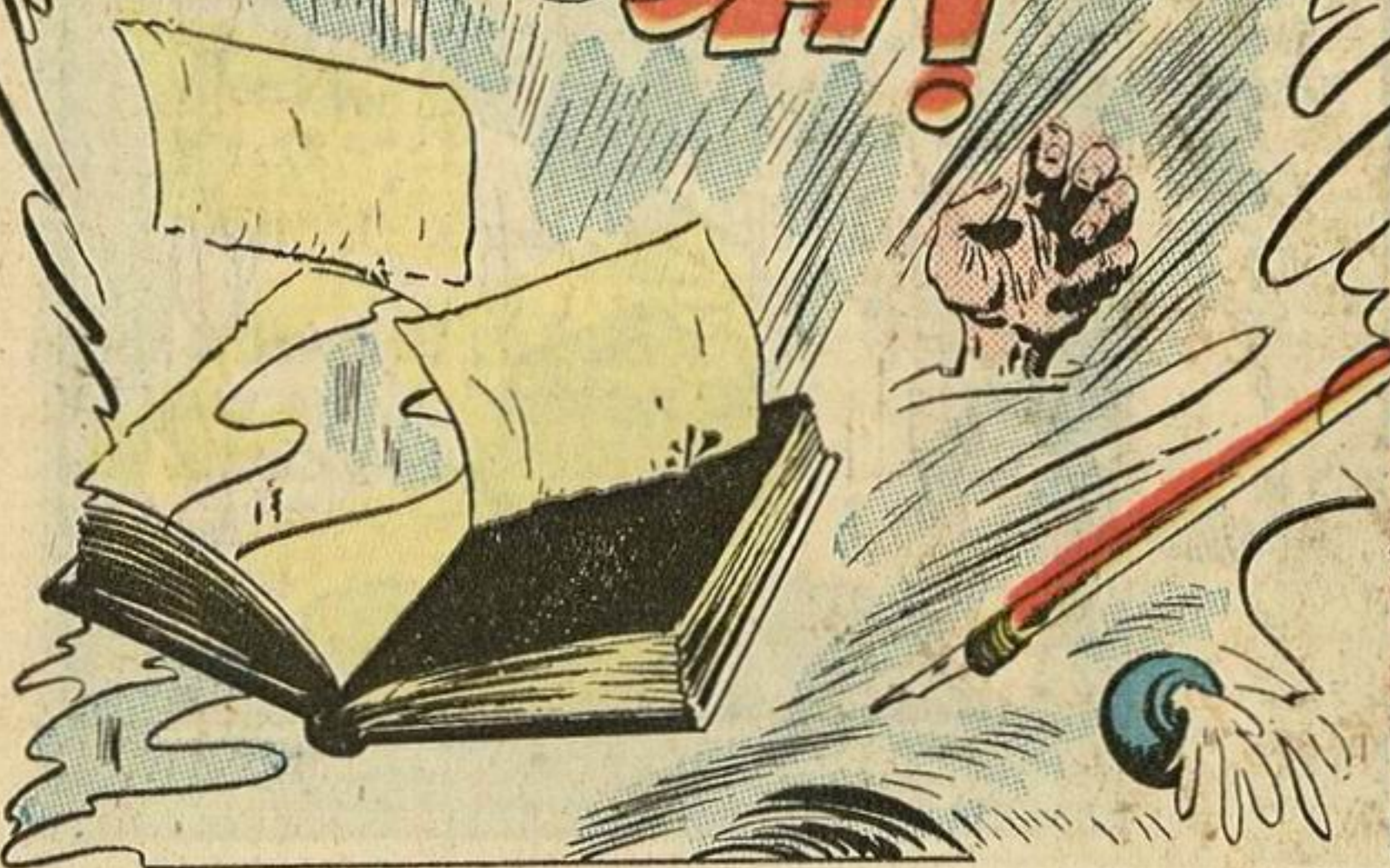
LOGBOOK, S/S...
"No water any-
where," he tells
me... so I fired him!
I didn't hire the little
fool to work... all I
wanted him to do was
listen... listen to it
coming in... and
warn me
in time!

"It's booming louder...sweeping in like a leeward
tide! and there's something else...quavering above
the whitecaps..."



JO-HN-NY! NY!
JO-HN-NY! NY!

WOOSH!



THE CORONER FOUND JOHN MITCHELL
"UNEXPLAINABLY DROWNED...IN
SALT WATER"! I TOLD YOU IT'S A
STRANGE STORY...AND IF YOU DON'T
THINK IT'S A STRANGE HOUSE...LOOK
AT THE SAND!
LOOK AT THE
SEASHELLS!



HEAR IT? THIS TIME
IT'S COMING FOR ME
...COMING TO
TAKE ME BACK!

WOOSH!



JO-HN-NY! NY!
JO-HN-NY! NY!

LISTEN SOME
TIME...LISTEN AS
IT FLOWS OVER THE
DARK, LONG MILES... THE OUT-
GOING TIDE MOVING SEAWARD
IN THE NIGHT!



ALL aboard, folks, for another stirring issue of "Adventures Into The Unknown!" We've gone all out this time, with a super-duper number that's guaranteed to keep you gasping!

Yes, we said gasping—and if you don't believe us, just cast a look at "The Thing At The Bottom Of The Sea." And read "The Boy Who Could Fly." They're both

new types of stories—and backing them up is an array of prime favorites that can't miss! They'll thrill you and chill you—and we want to hear about it! We want to know which you liked best—and what you'd like to see in future issues of our magazine—your magazine! Here's what some other readers are saying—

"Dear Editor:—

Out of all the comics I've read, your 'Adventures Into The Unknown' is No. 1 on my hit parade. The stories and drawings are wonderful! Some of my favorite stories were: 'The Old Tower's Secret,' 'The Castle of Otranto,' 'The Living Ghost' and 'The Spectral Singer.' Please have more stories on werewolves and vampires and such stories as I have mentioned above—and continue the wonderful stuff in your comics.

—T. Tomkiewicz, Reading, Pa."

"Dear Editor:—

I have read every issue of your magazine, 'Adventures Into The Unknown' and think it best of all the magazines I have ever read. I hope that someday you will make it a monthly instead of a bi-monthly. I have enjoyed every issue and sincerely thank you for some very swell reading. However, there's something I'd like to know. In issue No. 2, a story called 'Out of the Unknown' was really swell. But what became of the 'Living Ghost'? Did he come back and avenge himself? Did Tony Brand and Gail Leslie fall into his hands again? Anyway, it was a good story, and thanks again. Keep up the good work!

—Chas. E. Steed, Bay City, Mich."

Thanks, folks, for the nice things you've been saying—we'll continue to do our level best to make you happy! Meanwhile, here's something else which should interest you—the final returns on our great "Adventures Into The Unknown" contest! You'll find our third-prize winner in this issue—"The Gray One," by Nelson Brid-

well. Congratulations, Mr. Bridwell—there is a prize-winner's check in the mail for you! And now we come to the announcement of our special prize-winners—25 of them! To each goes a free 12-issue subscription to their favorite magazine, "Adventures Into The Unknown!" Here they are—is your name among them?

1. GEORGE DYAK, 1703 Vail Avenue, Windber, Pa.
2. WILLIAM J WHITE, 818 Fay Street, Columbia, Mo.
3. A. SHANE HELMS, Mallory, N. Y.
4. FLORENCE CRISTE, RR 11, Box 1123, Phoenix, Ariz.
5. JACK MARSH, 505 Vine Street, Jonesboro, Ark.
6. CARL LEVINSON, 230 Blake Avenue, Brooklyn 12, N. Y.
7. BENNIE JACOPETTI, 1892 Green Street, San Francisco, Cal.
8. HAUGHTON BARLOW, P. O. Box 449, Waterbury, Conn.
9. ALBERT SILVERSTEIN, 126 Ivy Lane, Daytona Beach, Fla.
10. LOWELL STEIN, 7914 S. Wabash, Chicago, Ill.
11. DALE ROSE, RR No. 3, Jasper, Ind.
12. JOHN C. GRANT, 73 Ruggles Street, Quincy 69, Mass.
13. TONY SALTZMAN, 3458 Hillcroft Avenue, S. W., Grand Rapids 8, Mich.
14. VIRGINIA HERSZ, 18493 Hoover, Detroit 5, Mich.
15. GEORGIA WOODS, 1204 No. Cedar, Nevada, Mo.
16. WILMA WOLFE, 1819 Washington, Lincoln, Neb.
17. ISIS STREETER, Canal Street, Hinsdale, N. H.
18. ROY C. BOUGHER, Jr., 7 Giverson Row, Toms River, New Jersey
19. DAVID GARY HELM, c/o Diamond, West Monroe, N. Y.
20. BETTY HOYT, RR No. 2, McComb, Ohio
21. R. RODNEY SPROULE, 1930 So. Ithan Street, Philadelphia 43, Pa.
22. RONALD MUSSENDEN, 1620 San Mateo Street, Santurce, Puerto Rico
23. MAMIE JULIA NELSON, Gen. Del., Vernon, Texas
24. DOLORES B. CHANFRAU, 14 Jefferson Avenue, College Court, Phoebua, Va.
25. STANLEY KRIPPNER, RR No. 1, Fort Atkinson, Wis.



BY FAR THE STRANGEST STORY OF 1949 WAS THE **CASE OF THE HAUNTED BOY!** IN WASHINGTON, D.C., STRANGE "SPIRITS" BEGAN TO HARASS A 14-YEAR-OLD BOY, UNTIL THE CASE WAS FINALLY INVESTIGATED BY THE SOCIETY FOR PARAPSYCHOLOGY AND DUKE UNIVERSITY! THE CASE AMAZED AND PUZZLED EVERYONE EXCEPT THE HAUNTED BOY... **WHO REMAINED HAUNTED!**

THE TROUBLE STARTED WHEN THE LAD BEGAN TO BE BOTHERED BY MYSTERIOUS AND UNEXPLAINED SCRATCHINGS ON THE WALLS AND CEILINGS! AND NO MATTER WHERE HE WENT IN HIS HOUSE, THE STRANGE SOUNDS SEEMED TO FOLLOW HIM!



AT NIGHT, HIS BED WAS SHAKEN SO VIOLENTLY BY UNSEEN FORCES THAT HE WAS UNABLE TO SLEEP!



DESPERATE, THE BOY'S FAMILY SENT HIM TO A PARSONAGE TO SPEND THE NIGHT! AND WHEN HIS NEW BED ALSO SHOOK VIOLENTLY, THE BOY TRIED SLEEPING WHILE SITTING IN A HEAVY ARM-CHAIR! BUT WHILE THE MINISTER WATCHED...



THE CLERGYMAN PLACED A BLANKET AND PILLOW ON THE FLOOR! BUT WHEN THE LAD TRIED TO SLEEP THERE, BEDDING AND BOY BOTH SLID OVER THE FLOOR AND UNDER THE BED!



THE BOY TRIED ONCE MORE... AND THIS TIME, HE WAS FLUNG AROUND IN A HALF-CIRCLE BEFORE ENDING UP UNDER THE BED AGAIN! AND TO THIS DAY, NO ONE KNOWS WHAT STRANGE FORCES OUT OF THE **UNKNOWN** HAUNTED THE BOY!

When the SHAMAN WALKED



IT MAY SOUND DAFFY... BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THAT HEATHEN COOT THAT MAKES ME THINK OF THE HUGE FORESTS OF SIBERIA... AND THOSE PURPLE NORTHERN LIGHTS! SORT OF A SYMBOL OF THE FAR-OFF PLACES I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE! SURE, THE **SHAMAN'S** JUST A DUMMY... BUT WHO KNOWS?

YEP... SOMETIMES HE SEEMS TO BE THINKING OF THOSE WIDE GREY STEPPES... HALF A WORLD AWAY! **HE'S** LONELY... AND THAT'S WHY LATE AT NIGHT I SOMETIMES TALK TO HIM... AND GET THE IDEA HE'S **LISTENING!**

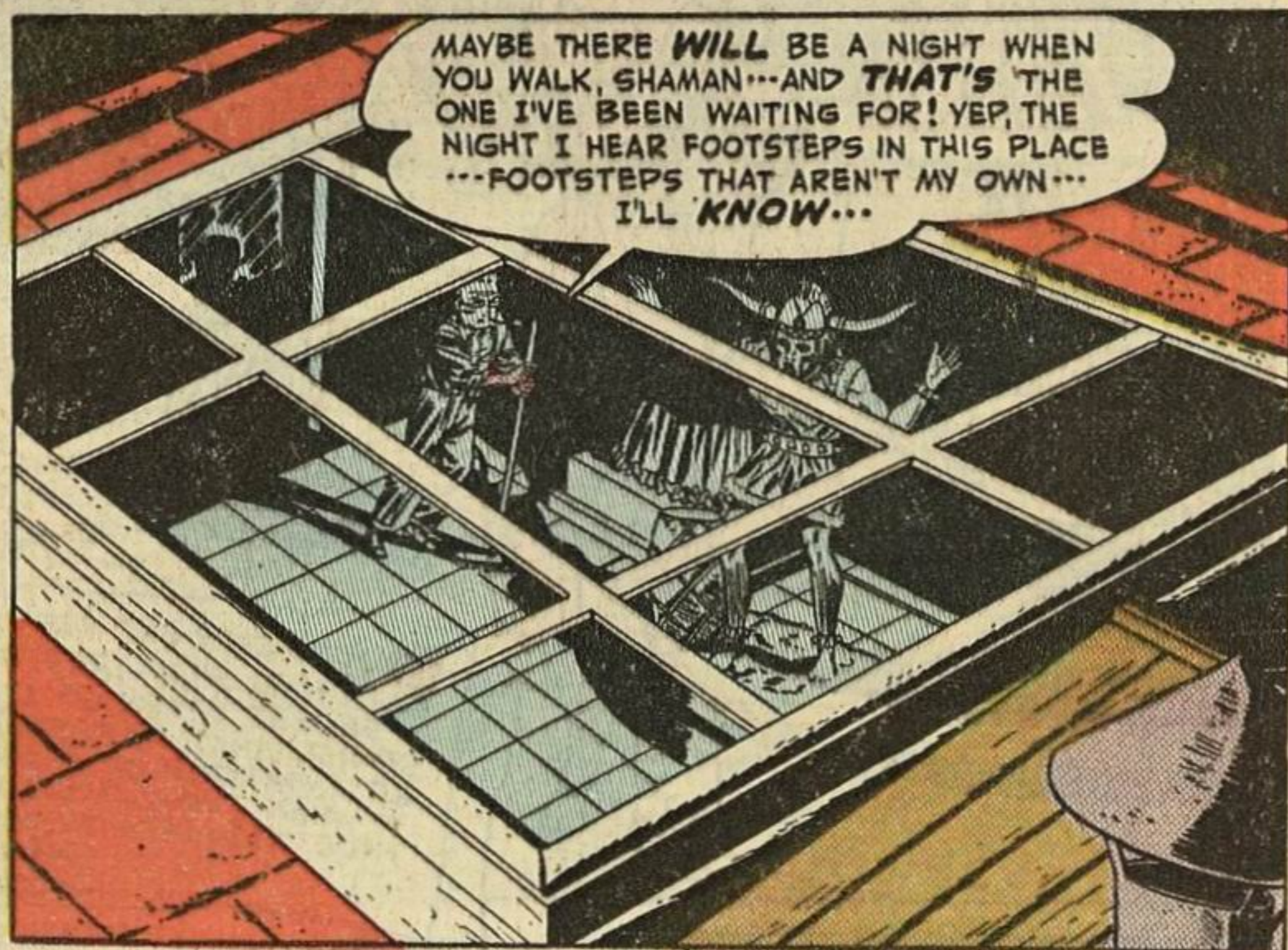
AND THEN I THINK THAT SOME DAY SOON HE'LL BE GOING BACK TO THE PLACE THAT'S ALWAYS HALF DAYLIGHT... AND I GET THE STRANGEST NOTION I'LL BE GOING **WITH HIM**... A LONG, LONG WAY!

MAYBE I SHOULDN'T TELL YOU THIS, UNCLE MACK... BUT SHAMANS ARE GREATLY FEARED IN SIBERIA! THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE WIZARDS WHO ARE NEVER COMPLETELY ALIVE NOR WHOLLY DEAD... EXISTING ENDLESSLY IN THE OUTER WORLD OF SPIRITS!





THE EVENING SKY FADES INTO A BLACK CUSHION FOR THE TWINKLING SKYSCRAPERS... AND UNCLE MACK SITS IN THE HALF DARK SHOWROOM... FACING THE SHADOWED FIGURE OF THE SHAMAN! IT ALMOST SEEMS ALIVE... WITH POINTS OF LIGHT GLEAMING IN ITS SIGHTLESS EYES... AND ON THE LITTLE BELLS DANGLING FROM ITS BLOODLESS LIMBS!



INTO A PATCH OF FEEBLE LIGHT FALLING FROM THE TRANSOM...

WHAT DID YOU WANT TO DO **THAT** FOR? DO YOU **HAVE** TO GET YOURSELF IN TROUBLE ...LESS THAN AN HOUR AFTER BUSTING OUT OF THE PEN?

DID I KNOW HE WAS REACHING FOR THE LIGHT SWITCH? I THOUGHT IT WAS A BURGLAR ALARM!

HE'S STILL BREATHING! WHAT'S HE STARING AT **THAT** THING FOR...**THAT** FREAK WITH THE LITTLE BELLS?

COME ON...SNAP OUT OF IT! LET'S DITCH THESE CONVICT OUTFITS...AND FIND OURSELVES SOME CLOTHES!

A MOMENT LATER...

THEY'RE NOT MUCH FOR FIT...BUT THEY'LL KEEP THE COPS OFF OUR TRAIL UNTIL WE'VE REACHED THAT BACK-ROADS FARMHOUSE I MENTIONED!

WHAT'S **THAT**?

TINKLE
TINKLE

THEN A VOICE SOUNDS...ABOVE THE RIPPLING CHIME OF SILVER BELLS!

IT'S THAT OLD CROCK! WHO'S HE TALKING TO, CHARLEY...**WHO**?

I HEARD THEM RING, SHAMAN...I HEARD YOU MOVE! AND NOW I GUESS...WE'LL BE HEADING FOR...THE NORTHERN LIGHTS!

THAT THING MOVE? THE OLD BOY WAS TALKING STRICTLY FROM DELIRIUM!

BUT DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT WE **HEARD**, CHARLEY? BELLS...LITTLE BELLS...JUST LIKE **THEM**!

YOU CAN'T TELL **ME** THAT'S AN ORDINARY DUMMY! I **KNOW** WHEN I'M BEING WATCHED AND LISTENED TO...AND I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

AND SO THE TWO CONVICTS HURRY TO THEIR CAR...EACH WITH THE SECRET THOUGHT THAT NOW THEY ARE RUNNING FROM MORE THAN THE POLICE! IT'S SOMETHING THEY LEFT BACK THERE...AND SOMETHING THEY MAY MEET AGAIN...**ANYWHERE**!



MEANWHILE...WINNIE STIRS...HAUNTED BY A TROUBLED DREAM!

WINNIE! I'M GOING A LONG, LONG WAY, WINNIE!



I'VE NEVER HAD A DREAM AFFECT ME LIKE **THIS** BEFORE! I KNOW I SHOULDN'T BE WORRIED BY UNCLE MACK'S SAYING HE EXPECTED TO BE **GOING SOMEWHERE** WITH THE SHAMAN... BUT I WON'T REST EASILY UNTIL I'VE PHONED HIM!



A MINUTE PASSES...TWO MINUTES...THE UNANSWERED BUZZ SENDING A SWIRL OF DREAD THROUGH WINNIE'S MIND!

NOW I **KNOW** SOMETHING'S WRONG! MAYBE... IF I HURRY...I CAN GET TO THE SHOWROOM IN TIME TO HELP!



AT THAT MOMENT...AS THE TWO CONVICTS REACH THE EDGE OF TOWN...

WAIT'LL YOU SEE THAT FARM... YOU'LL GET RID OF YOUR WHAMMIES **THERE**, CHUM! QUIET LITTLE PLACE...WITH A BROOK PLINK-ING AND GURGLING RIGHT OUTSIDE THE DOOR!

IT'LL STILL BE DARK WHEN WE GET THERE! YOU GOT **LIGHTS** IN THAT DUMP?



SURE...**GAS!** KIND OF OLD-FASHIONED... BUT NO USE BEING CHOOSY WHEN WE'RE TRYING TO COVER UP OUR TRACKS! WHICH REMINDS ME...WE MIGHT AS WELL CHUCK OUR PRISON DENIMS INTO THE BUSHES! LET'S HAVE 'EM!

CHARLEY...DIDN'T **YOU** PICK UP THOSE DUDS WHEN WE CHANGED?



OF ALL THE FAT-HEADED TRICKS! **YOU'RE** THE ONE WHO GOT SCARED BY BELLS AND THE DEVIL KNOWS WHAT...RUNNING OUT AND LEAVING THOSE DENIMS RIGHT WHERE THEY CAN PUT THE FINGER ON US IF WE'RE EVER CAUGHT!

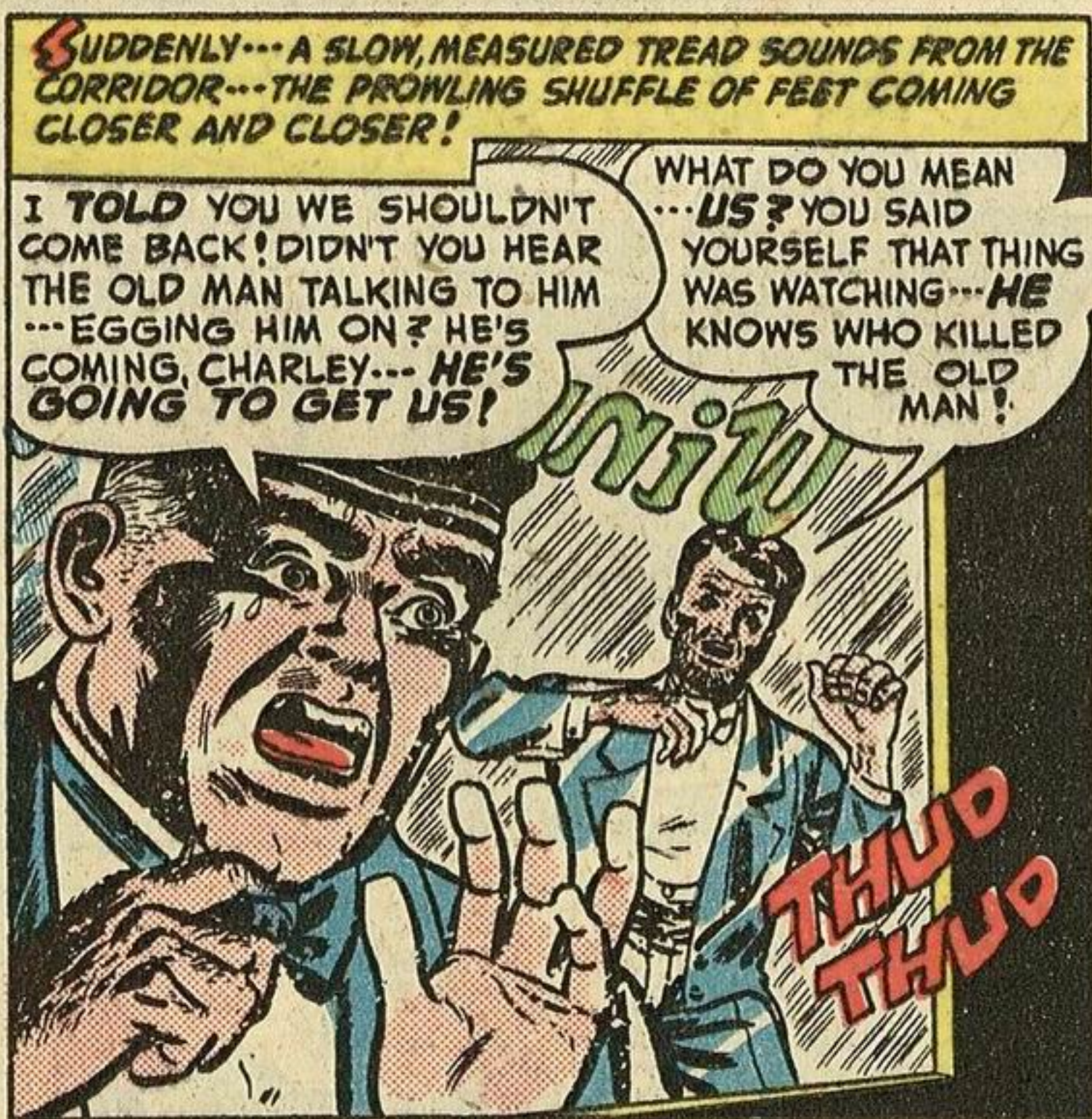


AS CHARLEY SWINGS THE CAR AROUND...

WE'RE NOT GOING TO GET CAUGHT, CHARLEY! LET THE COPS FIND THOSE DENIMS...SO WHAT?

I KNOW JUST WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND...BUT SKIP IT! BELLS OR NO BELLS...**WE'RE GOING BACK!**





QUICKLY, THE CONVICTS DRIVE OFF WITH THEIR CAPTIVE... AS IF TO HIDE THE FACT THAT THEY ARE THE CAPTIVES... OF FEAR!



HOW COULD YOU HAVE DONE IT? A HARMLESS OLD MAN... SO LONELY HE'D SPEND THE NIGHT TALKING TO THAT LIFELESS FIGURE ABOUT GOING PLACES... JUST AS IF IT WERE A FRIEND!

THEY WENT PLACES, ALL RIGHT! I'M NOT SURE ABOUT THE OLD MAN... BUT THAT CREEP WITH THE BELLS TOOK A POWDER SOMEWHERE!



FROM FAR OFF...UNCLE MACK'S VOICE ECHOES IN WINNIE'S MIND!

YOU MEAN THE SHAMAN'S... GONE?

YES, MA'AM...SOMEDAY SOON HE'LL BE GOING BACK...BACK TO THE PLACE THAT'S ALWAYS HALF DAYLIGHT!



AN HOUR LATER... WITH A GLAMMY DAWN MIST DRIFTING OVER THE MEADOWS...

WELL...HERE IT IS, CHUM...JUST AS I LEFT IT! HEAR THAT BROOK TINKLING DOWN THERE AMONG THE ROCKS?

WAIT... WAIT!

TINKLE TINKLE



WITH A SUDDEN STAB OF FEAR...

CHARLEY...DID YOU EVER HEAR A BROOK RING...OR CHIME? WHEN SOMETHING TINKLES, CHARLEY...IT'S BELLS!

DON'T START THAT AGAIN... PUTTING A JINX ON US THE MINUTE WE GET HERE! STRIKE A MATCH...WE'RE GOING INSIDE!

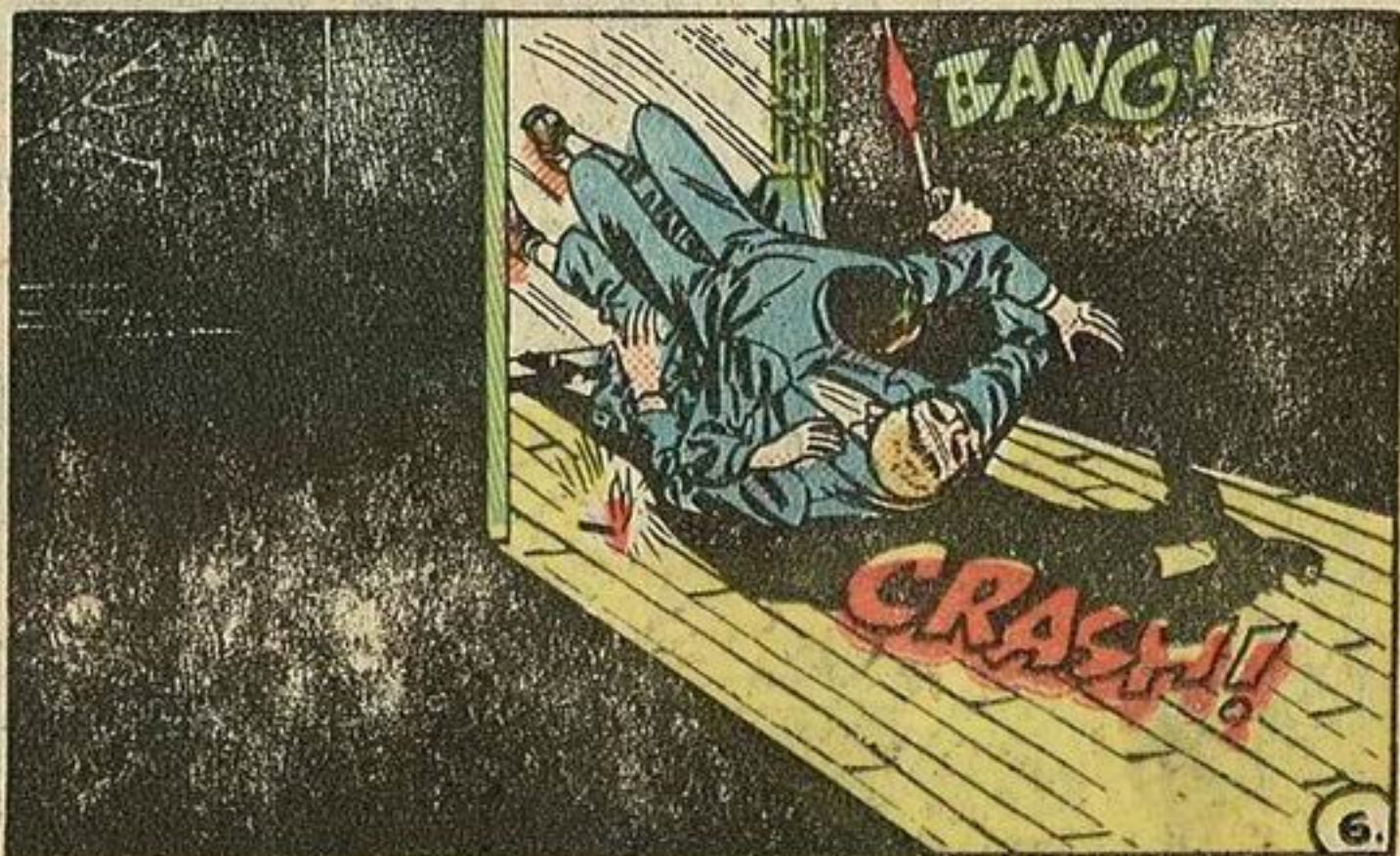


LET'S HAVE THOSE MATCHES! YOU'RE SO STIR-HAPPY, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!



I KNOW WHAT I'M NOT DOING...I'M NOT GOING IN! LISTEN TO THOSE BELLS...SWISHING BACK AND FORTH WHILE HE HOPS AROUND...WAITING!

READY TO COVER UP BY PLUGGING ME, EH? GIVE ME THAT GUN!



CLUMPING BACK...WINNIE HAS A SPLIT-SECOND GLIMPSE OF THE ROOM...FEEBLY LIT BY THE SPUTTERING MATCH FLAME...

IN THE SAME SPLIT-SECOND...THE SHAMAN TOWERS AT THE EDGE OF DARKNESS...TERRIBLY ALIVE!



Then...BOTH SHAMAN AND DARKNESS DISSOLVE IN A FLARING BLAST!



When Winnie revives...



GAS LEAK! NO WONDER I WAS KNOCKED OUT!

AND THEN SOME! WHEN WE PULLED UP, YOU WERE SITTING THERE STARING UP AT THE SKY ...MUMBLING SOMETHING ABOUT UNCLE MACK AND A GUY NAMED SHAMAN...**WALKING TOGETHER TOWARD THE NORTHERN LIGHTS!**

ARE YOU **SURE** I HADN'T RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS? I MEAN...DO YOU THINK I MIGHT HAVE REALLY **SEEN** SOMETHING?

YOU'D HAVE A FINE TIME **PROVING** IT! SAY, HERE'S SOMETHING YOU MUST HAVE DROPPED...A **LITTLE SILVER BELL!**



HERE IT IS...OUR THIRD PRIZE CONTEST-WINNING STORY!

"THE GRAY ONE" ^{by} NELSON BRIDWELL

FRANK CLINTON was a big-game hunter. He was a practical, hard-bitten man whose only religion was his rifle—whose only craving in life was to meet and beat the most dangerous game that could come under his sights. That was why the story of "The Gray One" stirred the old fever of the hunt in his blood. It was a wolf that had terrorized a small French village—but what a wolf! Twice as large as any normal animal, the story went. It attacked humans, rather than beasts, and had already slain a dozen—and men feared to track it down!

When Clinton arrived, and made known the fact that he wanted the huge creature's head for his collection, he sensed a strange reaction among the villagers. There was a light of terror in their eyes, and a few crossed themselves. And then it finally came out, in the stumbling speech of a frightened old man. "He—he's a creature of Satan, the Evil One! Not an ordinary wolf—else why does he attack only humans? No ordinary weapon can kill him—because the Gray One is a werewolf!"

Clinton tried to laugh off the impossible story, to explain that there were no such things as werewolves, that superstition was mere imagination. But he soon saw that it didn't work, and realized that if he attempted to buck the villagers' beliefs, it was going to be impossible to obtain a guide to the animal's stamping-grounds. But what beliefs they were! The Gray One, they insisted, had formerly been a man—and now, as a werewolf, was so deadly that no local inhabitant dared hunt him. And regular bullets would do no good—it would have to be a silver bullet, blessed by a holy man—the only thing that could kill this devil's beast, and restore it to its original form! So, laughing within himself, Frank Clinton acceded.

It took the bravest villager to guide Clinton to the outlying spot where the giant wolf had made its kills. Once there, he fled back to the safety of the town, leaving the big-game hunter to the perils

of oncoming night—the time when the werewolf stalked! There was something in the lonely hush and gloom which oppressed Clinton, filling him with an odd foreboding. Could this be fear, this strange sensation which gripped him? Nonsense—he had unflinchingly faced the world's deadliest animals! Besides, there was nothing around that—*what was that?* The crackle of a twig—and suddenly he saw it! Good Heavens, it—it couldn't be! A gigantic, slaving creature like nothing living, with death written plain on its gleaming fangs—a mad beast which moved in a diabolical reflected glow of its own! For the first time, Frank Clinton knew stark terror, a terror which hypnotized him, rooted him to the spot as the huge animal crept gloatingly towards him. Nearer—nearer—it was almost upon him now! It was some desperate inner sense of self-preservation which finally saved him at the last moment, and sent the silver bullet crashing squarely into the brain of the Gray One!

There it was at his feet, dead. Only now could Clinton shake off the strange, terrifying sensation that had numbed him. He must have been crazy! Just a big wolf, that was all. And he must have imagined that glow he thought had surrounded it, because it was gone now. But the beast's head—what a trophy, what a prize to talk about! Carefully he severed it, placed it in a box he had brought along for just that purpose. Werewolves—silver bullets—what nonsense! In the final analysis, it had been his expert marksmanship which had felled the animal.

And so Frank Clinton returned to his inn, to a much-needed sleep. He was entirely refreshed when he awoke the next morning, and eager to have another look at the great trophy which he had bagged. Fingers trembling with happy anticipation, he opened the box, peered within it—and then reeled back, a choked cry in his throat and eyes bulging with an awful horror.

Within the box lay a human head.

SPiRiT of Frankenstein



WE'VE NEVER DARED LET THE ROBOT ANYWHERE **NEAR** THE CYCLOTRON BEFORE, DAN... BUT WE MIGHT HAVE PREVENTED ALL HIS TERRIBLE RAMPAGES IF WE **HAD!** SOMETHING ATTRACTS HIM TO THE CYCLOTRON SO STRONGLY THAT HE DOESN'T WANT TO LEAVE IT... AND I WISH I KNEW **WHAT!**

I THINK I CAN TAKE A STAB AT THE ANSWER, MARCIA! AS CLOSELY AS THAT DANGEROUS, BROODING BRAIN OF HIS WILL PERMIT... THE ROBOT HAS FOUND SOMETHING TO **PROTECT!**

WHEN SINISTER PROFESSOR PARDWAY DIED, HE BEQUEATHED HIS BRAIN TO THE ROBOT CREATED BY DR. DAN WARREN... AND THE RESULT IS A BRUTE OF PHENOMENAL STRENGTH AND VOLCANIC RAGES -- **IN THE SPIRIT OF FRANKENSTEIN ITSELF!** ONLY A CREATURE FLITTING OUT OF THE BLACK BEYOND CAN MATCH IT... AND THAT'S JUST WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE ROBOT MEETS THE EYES OF THE UNKNOWN!

I DIDN'T REALIZE IT BEFORE... BUT THE ROBOT SEEMS TO UNDERSTAND HOW MUCH HE OWES THE CYCLOTRON! TO HIS SAVAGE MIND, IT'S THE MAGIC DEVICE THAT DESTROYED THE EVIL SPIRIT OF PROFESSOR PARDWAY... THEREBY RELEASING HIM FROM THE PHANTOM'S SINISTER INFLUENCE... AND GIVING HIM A WILL OF HIS **OWN!**



BUT HE'S JUST AS UNTAMED AS EVER... EXCEPT THAT THE CYCLOTRON SEEMS TO HAVE A QUIETING EFFECT! YOU'RE TAKING CARE OF IT... AREN'T YOU, ROBOT?

HUUUH!

THERE'S THE PHONE, DAN!



I'M CONDUCTING AN EXPERIMENT IN MASS HYPNOTISM AT THE STATE PENITENTIARY TONIGHT, DAN... AND SINCE YOU'RE INTERESTED IN MY WORK AS A PSYCHOLOGIST... I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO BE IN ON IT!

SURE THING, BURT! I CAN FEEL A BIT EASIER ABOUT LEAVING THE ROBOT ALONE IN THE LAB... NOW THAT WE'VE LEARNED HE'S GOT A STRONG YEN FOR THE CYCLOTRON!



THAT NIGHT...IN THE PENITENTIARY AUDITORIUM...

I KNOW THEY'RE WELL GUARDED, BURT...BUT ISN'T IT RISKY TO EXPERIMENT WITH THE MOST VICIOUS CRIMINALS IN THE PRISON?

YOU'RE RIGHT, MARCIA...THESE VOLUNTEERS ARE ALL LIFERS, CONVICTED FOR ACTS OF VIOLENCE...AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHY I CHOSE THEM!



THE WARDEN CONSIDERS THEM INCORRIGIBLE AND DANGEROUS...AND I WANT TO LEARN WHETHER POST-HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION WON'T HELP SOMEWHAT! YOU'LL SEE WHAT I MEAN... I'M READY TO BEGIN!



FIRST, I WANT YOU MEN TO DISMISS WHATEVER HAPPENS TO BE ON YOUR MINDS...A JAIL BREAK...A DEADLY GRUDGE WITH A CELL MATE...OR ANYTHING ELSE! SIT BACK AND RELAX...AND WATCH MY HAND!



SLOWLY, THE PRISONERS' COLD, DEFIANT EYES BECOME GLAZED...THEIR HEADS SAG...AND THEY PASS UNDER BURT'S HYPNOTIC CONTROL!

NOW LISTEN! I DON'T EXPECT TO WORK A MIRACLE...I CAN'T CHANGE A LIFETIME OF WHAT MADE YOU CRIMINALS IN FIVE MINUTES! BUT AT THE END OF THOSE FIVE MINUTES...WHEN YOU COME OUT OF YOUR TRANCE...YOU'RE AT LEAST GOING TO REMEMBER YOU'RE HUMANS...NOT JUNGLE BEASTS READY TO POUNCE ON EVERYONE YOU MEET!



AS THE MINUTES TICK BY...

MIGHT BE JUST MY IMAGINATION...SOMETHING THAT SCIENTISTS LIKE DAN AND BURT WOULD SMILE AT...BUT I'M ALMOST POSITIVE THE CONVICTS' FACES HAVE CHANGED! THEY STILL LOOK TOUGH...BUT THEIR FEATURES SEEM TO HAVE LOST SOME OF THE BRUTAL QUALITY I'D NOTICED BEFORE!



Then... ALL RIGHT, MEN... THE FIVE MINUTES ARE UP!



ON YOUR FEET! FORM A SINGLE FILE...AND FACE THE DOOR!



AS THE CONVICTS FILE OUT...

VERY INTERESTING, DR. TRAVIS...AND I'M CERTAINLY GLAD YOU WERE ABLE TO BRING A CELEBRITY LIKE LIKE DR. DAN WARREN!

IT MAY BE A DAY OR TWO BEFORE ANY RESULTS ARE NOTICEABLE, WARDEN...IF THERE ARE ANY...BUT I'LL KEEP IN TOUCH WITH YOU!



NO ONE SUSPECTS THAT THE RESULTS HAVE ALREADY BEEN REALIZED...AND TO A TERRIFYING DEGREE! MINUTES LATER...ALONG A LONELY ROAD...

I FEEL SOMETHING **OPPRESSIVE** IN THE AIR, DAN...SOMETHING I'D SHRUG OFF AS A RISING STORM IF I WEREN'T SO SURE IT'S **FOLLOWING** US!

OH, WELL... JUST AS LONG AS IT ISN'T SOME OF THOSE PRISONERS!

STRANGELY ENOUGH...IT SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM **THE VERY DIRECTION OF THE JAIL!**

Then...HOVERING BALEFULLY IN THE GLOOM...

DAN...THOSE SHINING THINGS UP THERE! WHAT ARE THEY?

WHAT THINGS COULD SHINE, SIDE BY SIDE, OUT OF THE NIGHT AIR...SHINE WITH DARK, GLINTING PUPILS?

EYES...STARING RIGHT OUT OF NOWHERE!

EASY, MARCIA! THERE'S NO DOUBTING WE'RE FACE TO FACE WITH A **SUPER-NATURAL BEING**...BUT THAT'S NO REASON FOR THINKING IT'S AS EVIL AS IT LOOKS!

BUT IT'S THE **LOOK** THAT SCARES ME... JUST THOSE TWO EYES...BRIMMING OVER WITH SOME KIND OF TERRIBLE SECRET!

LET'S GET MOVING, BURT! THE APPARITION MAY BE CONFINED TO THIS PARTICULAR SPOT...AND THEN AGAIN...IT MAY ACTUALLY BE **GOING** SOMEWHERE!

DAN'S CAR PICKS UP SPEED...AND SILENTLY...THE LUMINOUS EYES KEEP PACE!

FOLLOWING US! WELL, BURT...HOW ABOUT DEALING YOURSELF IN FOR ONE OF MY EXPERIMENTS?

GREAT! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN MIND?

I CAN THINK OF A DOZEN POSSIBILITIES TO EXPLAIN WHY THOSE EYES ARE INTERESTED IN **US**... BUT IN BOTH SCIENCE AND THE SUPERNATURAL, GUESSWORK CAN BE DISASTROUS! I WANT TO LEARN WHAT KIND OF PHANTOM IS LURKING INVISIBLY BEHIND THOSE EYES...AND ONCE WE'VE LURED IT INTO MY LABORATORY, **I KNOW HOW IT CAN BE DONE!**

UNTIRING...UNBLINKING...THE EYES PEER OUT OF THE GLOOM AS DAN AND THE OTHERS REACH THE LABORATORY!



THERE'S NO TELLING **WHAT** WE'LL UNLEASH... EXPERIMENTING WITH SOMETHING LIKE **THAT!**

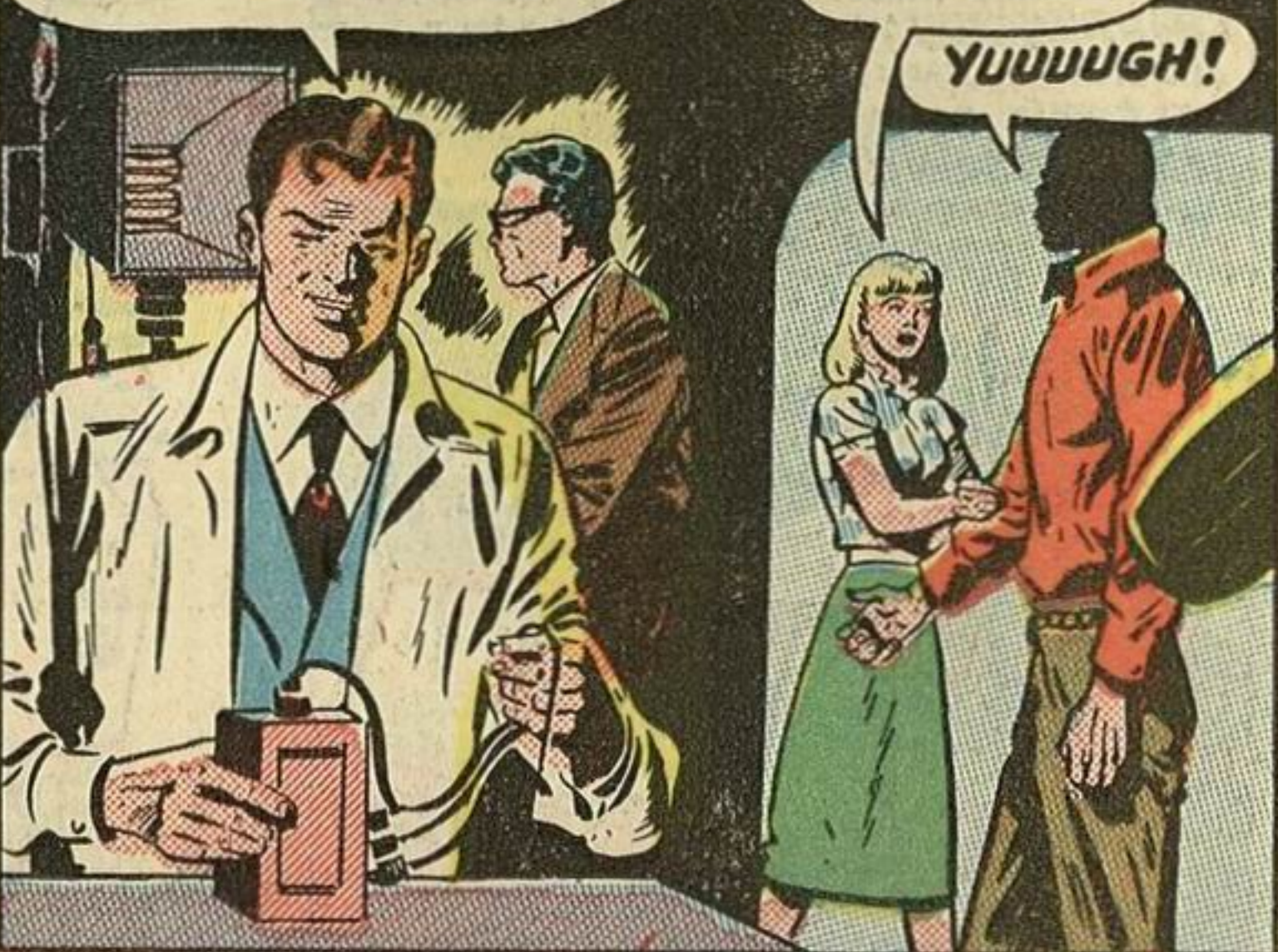
WARREN CYCLOTRON LABORATORY

WE'VE GOT TO TAKE THAT RISK! IF IT **IS** A CREATURE OF TERROR, WE'LL HAVE A BETTER CHANCE TO CONTROL IT **AFTER** THE EXPERIMENT... **BECAUSE I PLAN TO MAKE IT VISIBLE!**

WHILE I'M GETTING READY, BURT... HOOK UP THOSE THOUSAND-WATT BUNCH LIGHTS! MEANWHILE, MARCIA... COAX THE ROBOT AWAY FROM THE CYCLOTRON... WE'LL BE NEEDING IT ANY MINUTE!

SURE... YOU'RE A **GOOD** ROBOT! YOU'RE GOING TO LET DAN USE THE CYCLOTRON... AREN'T YOU?

YUUUUGH!



MINUTES LATER...

HERE IT IS, MARCIA... A MIXTURE OF **ACTIN** AND **MYOSIN**... THE TWO CHEMICALS THAT CAN BE CONVERTED INTO MUSCLE FIBERS BY NUCLEAR FISSION... **INSIDE THE CYCLOTRON!** THE TRICK IS TO GET THE PHANTOM INTO THE CYCLOTRON AT THE SAME TIME... SO THAT THE PROCESS WILL GIVE IT FORM AND SUBSTANCE!



IN OTHER WORDS... A **BODY!** I HATE TO BE AN OLD KILL-JOY, DAN... BUT I HOPE THOSE HORRID EYES HAVE DECIDED **NOT** TO WAIT AROUND OUTSIDE!

YOU GET YOUR WISH, PET! **JUST LOOK BEHIND YOU!**

OH-H! THOSE GLARING THINGS HAVE BEEN INSIDE ALL THIS TIME... **WATCHING!**



UUUGH!

LUCKILY, I DON'T THINK THE PHANTOM HAS ENOUGH OF BRAIN TO **UNDERSTAND** WHAT IT SEES... OR IT WOULDN'T HAVE FOLLOWED US HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE! AS SOON AS YOU AND MARCIA HAVE PUT ON YOUR GOGGLES, BURT... TURN THOSE LIGHTS **AWAY** FROM THE CYCLOTRON... **AND SWITCH THEM ON!**

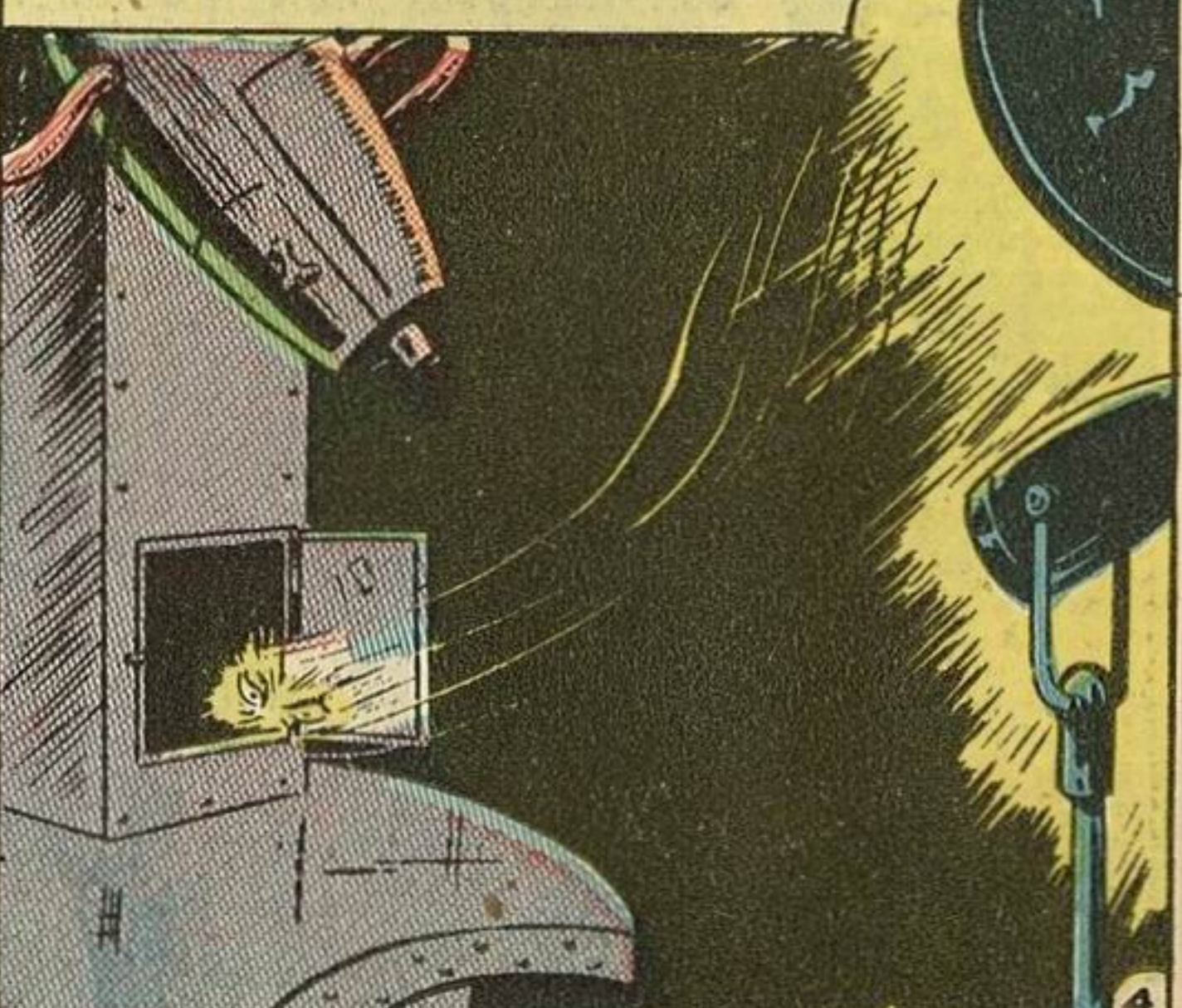


SECONDS LATER... A DAZZLING LIGHT FLOODS ALL BUT ONE CORNER OF THE LAB!



KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE ROBOT, MARCIA... I DON'T WANT **HIM** STIRRED UP BY WHAT HAPPENS NEXT!

FOR A MOMENT, THE PHANTOM EYES FLUTTER UNCERTAINLY... THEN CIRCLE LIKE WHIZZING POINTS OF FIRE TOWARD THE ONLY HAVEN OF DARKNESS IN THE LABORATORY... THE CYCLOTRON!



Then... BEFORE THE MONSTROUS EYES
CAN SENSE THE TRAP...

I'LL KNOW IN A
FLASH WHETHER THE
CREATURE TAKING
SHAPE IS HARM-
LESS...OR WHETHER
IT SHOULD BE DE-
STROYED BY
NUCLEAR
ENERGY!

SLAM!

BUT SUDDENLY...WITH AN IMPACT THAT
ROCKS THE LABORATORY...

**YAGH!
YARRRGH!**

CRRRRUNCH!

AGAIN THE
EYES GLEAM
SAVAGELY...
BUT THIS
TIME THEY
ARE THE
EYES OF A
THING OF
TERROR...
UNLEASHING
ITS NEW-FOUND
STRENGTH!



AS THE ROBOT STARTS FORWARD WITH A SNARLING
CHALLENGE...

YAARRRGH!

RELAX, ROBOT! I KNOW
THAT THING SMASHED
YOUR CYCLOTRON...
BUT EVEN YOU HAVEN'T
GOT ENOUGH ON THE
BALL TO TANGLE WITH
IT... YET!



IN A SWIRLING BURST OF POWER...

CRASH!



A MOMENT LATER...THE TOWERING
FIGURE OF EVIL BLENDS INTO THE
DARKNESS!

IT COULD BE
ACCIDENTAL...BUT
I HAVE A HUNCH
THERE'S A REASON
FOR THE PHANTOM'S
HEADING BACK IN THE
DIRECTION FROM WHICH
IT CAME...TOWARD THE
PENITENTIARY!

I DIDN'T MENTION
IT BEFORE, DAN...
BUT I DETECTED
A FAINT CHANGE
IN THOSE
PRISONERS'
FACES AFTER
BURT SNAPPED
THEM OUT OF
THEIR TRANCE...

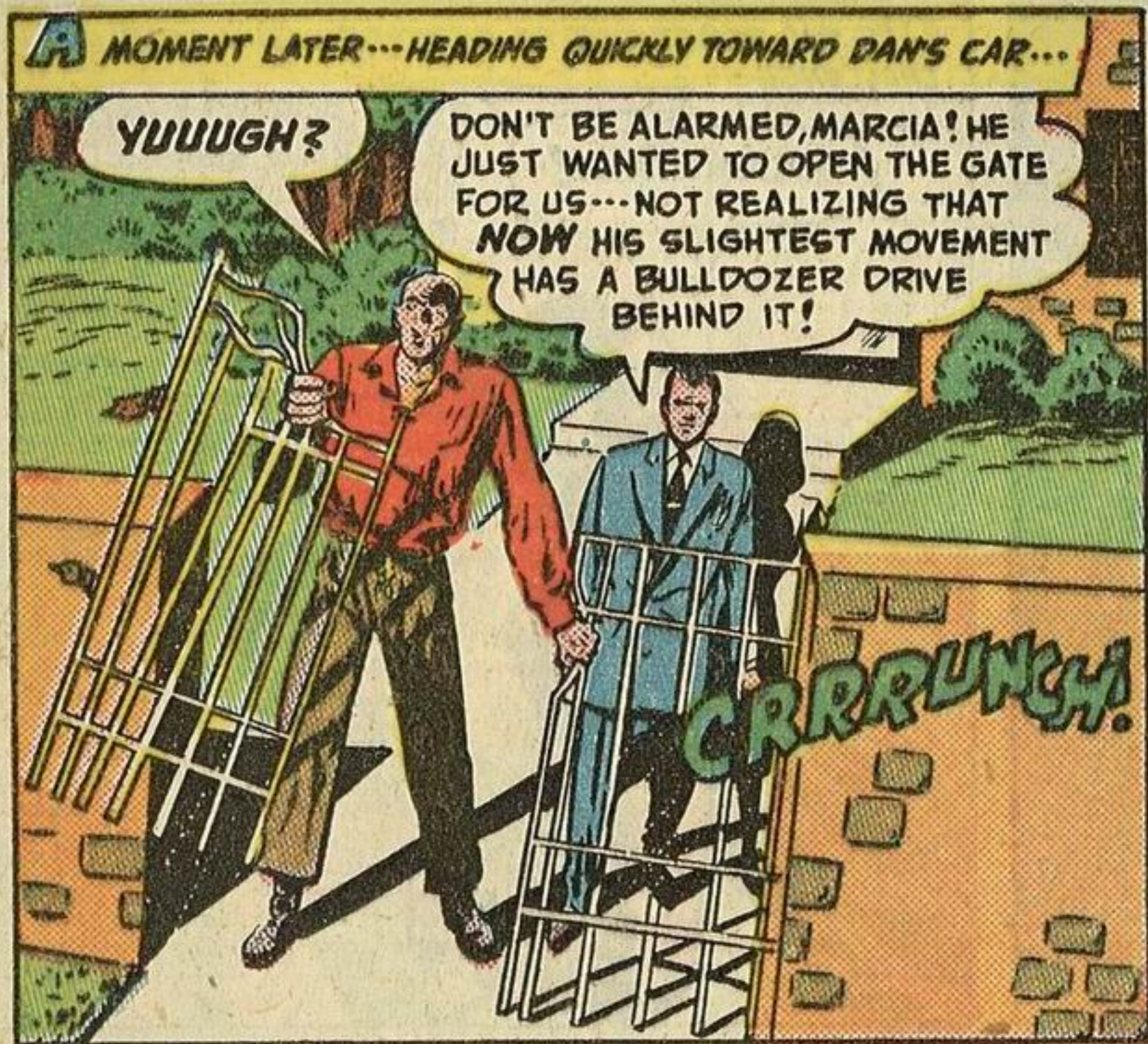
JUST AS IF THE WORST
PART OF THEIR NATURES
HAD BEEN SUDDENLY
ABSORBED!



ABSORBED! GREAT GUNS, DAN...
DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT THING IS
A MANIFESTATION CREATED BY THE
VERY EVIL I HYPNOTIZED THOSE CON-
VICTS INTO RELEASING?

I'M AFRAID SO! THAT'S
PROBABLY WHY THE EYES
FOLLOWED US IN THE
FIRST PLACE...BECAUSE
THE PSYCHIC FORCE BE-
HIND THEM WAS
STILL SUBJECT
TO YOUR
HYPNOTIC IN-
FLUENCE!





ITS MIGHTY HANDS CLENCHED, THE ROBOT STALKS FROM DAN'S CAR... TOWARD THE MOST HATED ENEMY IT HAS EVER FACED... THE CREATURE THAT DESTROYED THE CYCLOTRON!

ARRRGH!



DODGING THE ROBOT'S PLODDING ATTACK... THE PHANTOM STRIKES!



DAN... I CAN'T WATCH THIS! THE ROBOT'S BEING HAMMERED SENSELESS!



BUT NOW... THE ROBOT'S BRAIN COMES INTO PLAY! FEIGNING GROGGINESS, IT WATCHES ITS CHANCE... AND LEAPS!

ALL RIGHT, MARCIA... THIS YOU CAN WATCH!



Then... THE WALLS QUIVER UNDER A TREMENDOUS BLOW!

HUGH!

BLAM!



AS THE PHANTOM FADES INTO NOTHINGNESS...

THAT BIG APE QUEERED OUR CHANCE TO MAKE A BREAK! LET ME AT HIM... I'LL RIP HIM APART!

SEE HOW THOSE CONVICTS ARE ACTING NOW, BURT? IF WE NEED PROOF ABOUT HOW THE PHANTOM CAME INTO BEING... THERE IT IS! IT HAS RETURNED TO THE CRIMINAL MINDS FROM WHICH IT WAS RELEASED!



HMM, HYPNOTISM'S NO CURE FOR CRIME! FROM NOW ON, I'LL CONFINE MY HYPNOTISM TO STAGE PERFORMANCES... AND USE THE PROCEEDS TO GET YOU A NEW CYCLOTRON, DAN!

GOSH, BURT... I DON'T KNOW WHO'D APPRECIATE IT MORE... MYSELF... OR THE ROBOT!



THE ROBOT MAY STAY DOCILE... AND THEN AGAIN... YOU MAY GET A HAIR RAISING JOLT IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

CLOUDED

CRYSTAL

HE sat opposite the fortune teller, a lazy sneer of disbelief on his face. "Whaddaya see, madam?" he asked sarcastically.

"Nothing good," she answered slowly. "I see only black. Black and evil! You think to do something evil . . . something terrible! I tell you do not do this thing or something evil will come to you!"

His sneer became more pronounced. "That's fine," he said shortly. "What else do you know?"

The dark-skinned woman did not answer. She stared into the crystal ball, and on her face was a look of horror. "Do not do this thing!" she said again.

This time, the man laughed aloud. "Oh, no?" he drawled. "Stop me . . . if you can!"

The fortune teller was no match for the man. His hands went about her throat like two steel bands that grew tighter . . . and tighter . . . tighter . . .

It was not a difficult safe to open. The man found it behind a pair of gaudy drapes. "Not bad," he congratulated himself. "Not a bad haul at all! Wonder if I oughta take that crystal ball with me!"

That was his idea of a joke. He gathered the money from the safe and thought about taking her earrings . . . but there was something about her face, her dead face so dark and foreboding, that stopped his hands.

He stepped out into the street and looked carefully about him. Was there anyone around? Had anyone seen him? No, the street was empty and he was quite safe . . . quite . . . safe . . .

A quick backward glance, and he stepped off the curb. "This getaway is a cinch!" he said. "It's a . . . no! Stop!"

It had come from nowhere. A black truck, large and shapeless in its speed, from nowhere! And it struck him down in the gutter, in front of the fortune teller's window. Money spilled from his pocket, but he did not know it. And the truck sped on, as though its driver had neither seen nor heard the man who lay dead in the street.

But on the face of the fortune teller, a change took place. Her mouth, set so tightly, softened . . . softened and relaxed . . . until it formed a wise and satisfied smile. And the crystal ball gleamed and sparkled as though it were . . . alive!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933 AND JULY 2, 1946

OF ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN, published Bi-monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1949, State of New York, County of New York: ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Richard E. Hughes, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the Publisher, Editor, Managing Editor and Business Manager are: Publisher: B. & I. Publishing Co., Inc., 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Editor: Richard E. Hughes, 120 W. 183rd St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, Frederick H. Iger, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L.I.

2. That the owner is: B. & I. Publishing Co., Inc., 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.; B. W. Sangor, 7 West 81st Street, New York, N. Y.; Frederick H. Iger, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L. I.

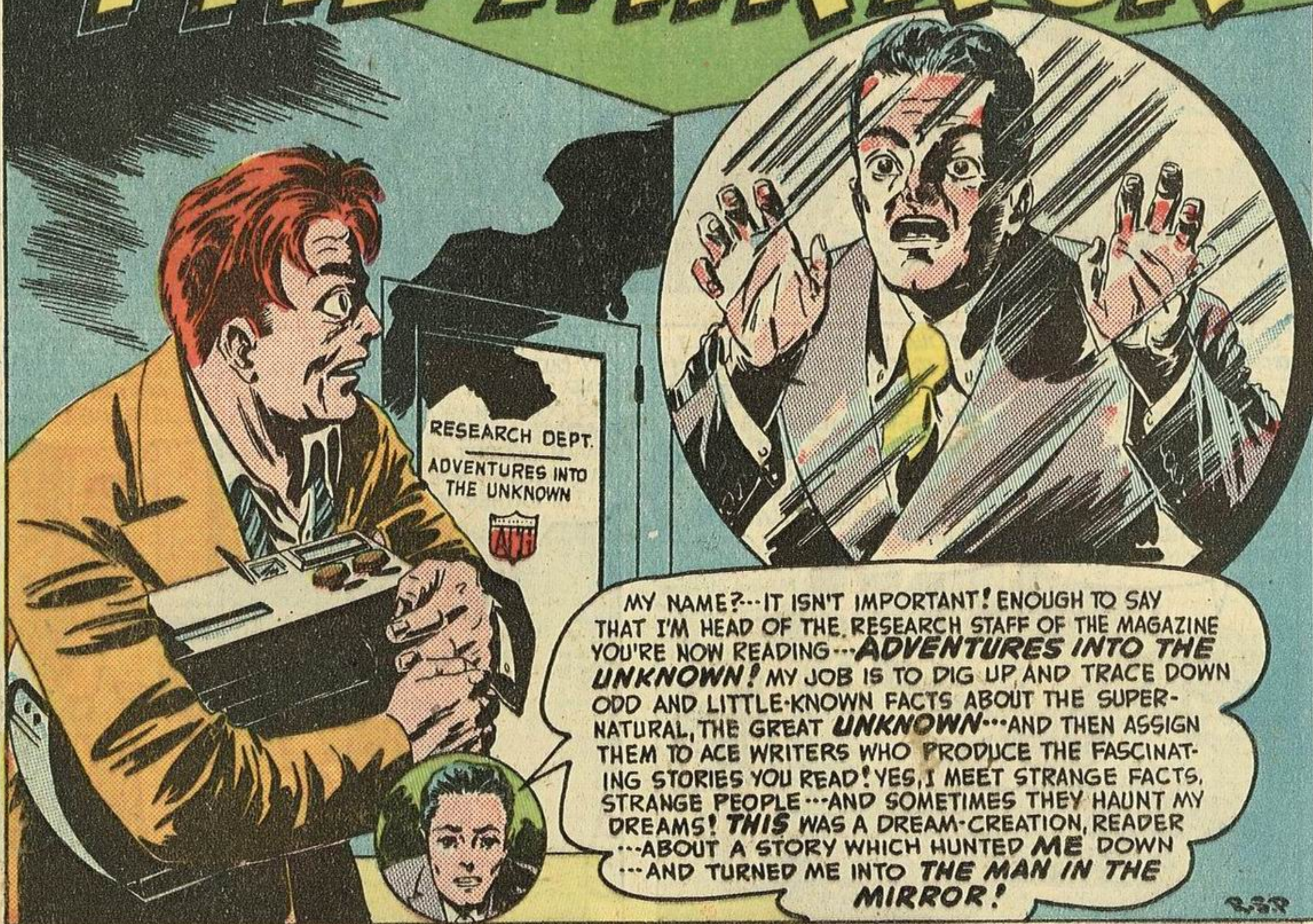
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owner, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. (Signed) Richard E. Hughes, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1949.

Nat C. Sherman, Notary Public. (Commission expires Mar. 30, 1951.)

THE MAN IN THE MIRROR



"I'D BEEN WORKING HARD ALL WEEK, DOING RESEARCH ON THE BATCH OF STORIES IN MY FILE, AND WAS NEAR EXHAUSTION! I MUST HAVE BEEN DOZING OFF WHEN I THOUGHT I HEARD..."

THERE'S A MAN HERE WHO INSISTS ON SEEING YOU, SIR! HE SAYS HE'S GOT STARTLING NEWS...

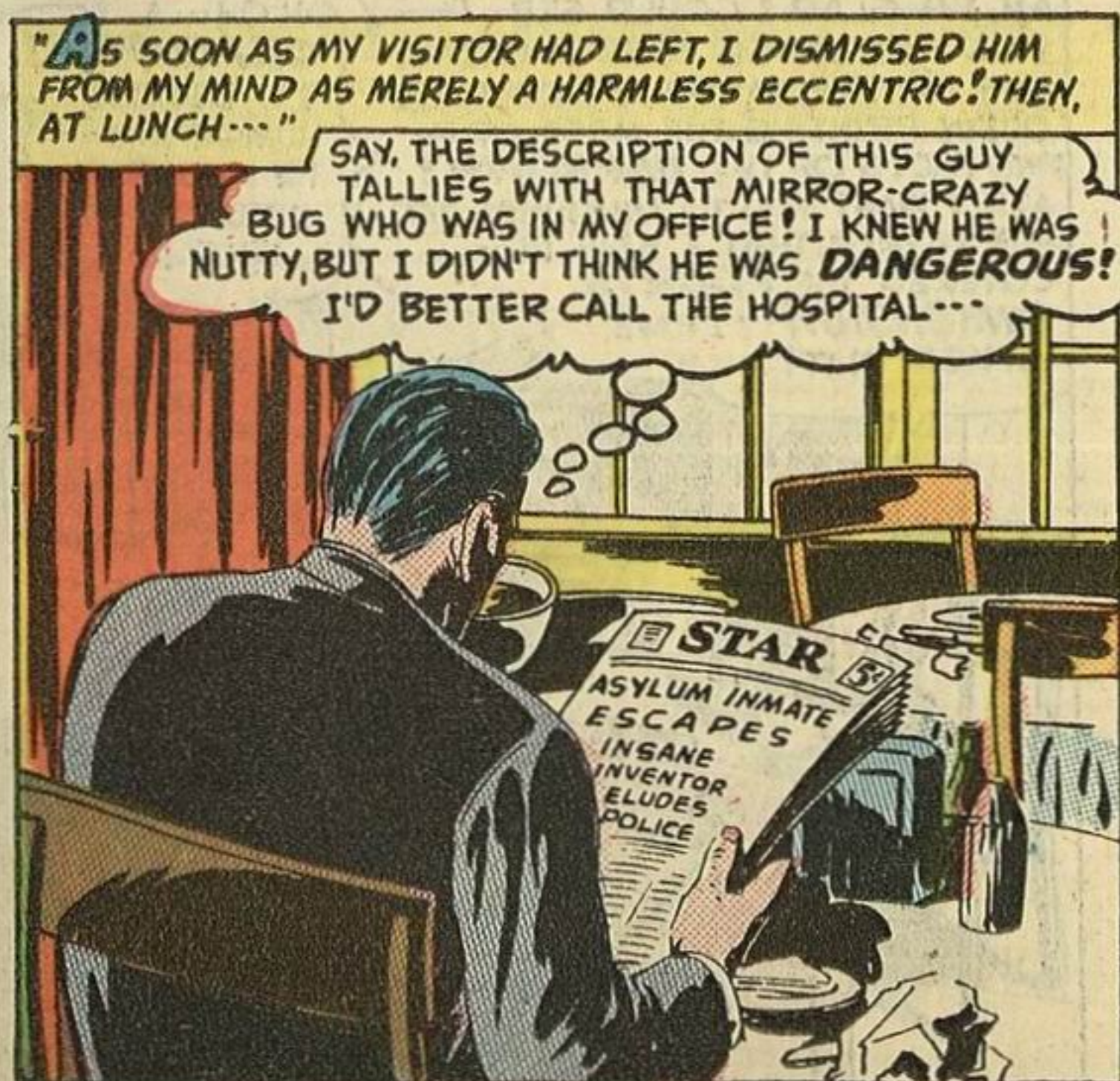
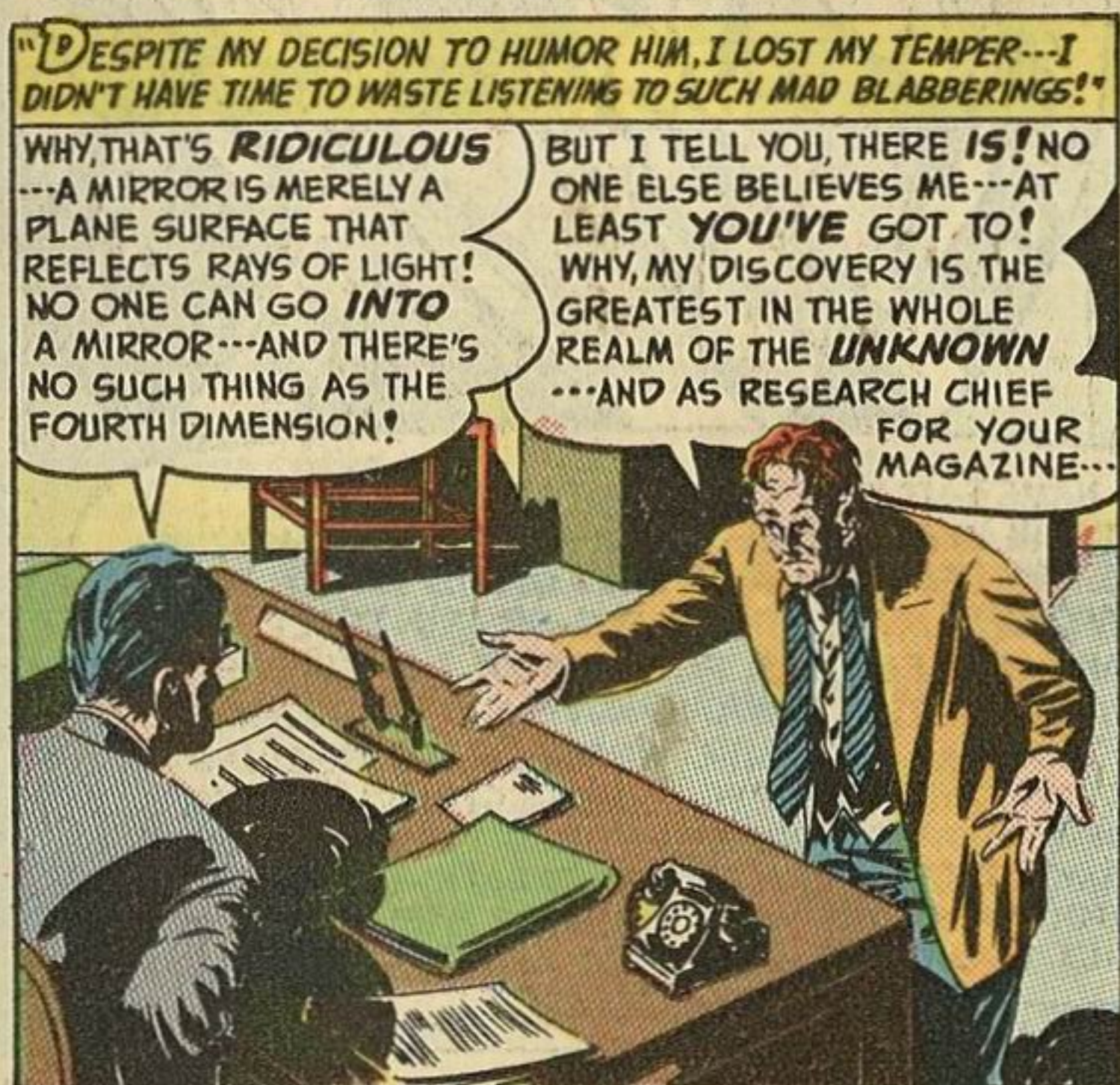
ALL RIGHT, SEND HIM IN! WHY PASS UP A CHANCE FOR A GOOD STORY?



AH, I'M GLAD I COULD SEE YOU...BECAUSE YOUR MAGAZINE HAS THE REPUTATION FOR COURAGEOUSLY PRINTING THE MOST GRIPPING FACTS OF THE **UNKNOWN!** AND I WANT YOU TO ANNOUNCE TO THE WORLD THAT I HAVE DISCOVERED THE **FOURTH DIMENSION**...I HAVE **LIVED** IN IT!

OH, OH...A **CRACKPOT!** I'D BETTER HUMOR HIM...HE LOOKS KIND OF WILD!







"WITH CATLIKE AGILITY, HE WAS SUDDENLY BEHIND ME! I FELT POWERFUL FINGERS AT THE BACK OF MY NECK, AND ALTHOUGH I STRUGGLED TO BREAK HIS GRIP, HIS MANIACAL STRENGTH WAS TOO MUCH FOR ME! I WAS BEING FORCED TOWARDS THAT INFERNAL-LOOKING MACHINE!"



"I WAS HELPLESS BENEATH THE MAD STRENGTH OF THOSE HANDS! AND AS I WAS FORCED CLOSER TO THE EYEPIECE, SOMETHING PREVENTED ME FROM CLOSING MY EYES---COMPELLED ME TO LOOK DOWN THAT TUBE!"



"I LOOKED...AND THE STRANGE, SWIRLING SHAPES BELOW THE LENS OF THE EYEPIECE SEEMED TO FLOAT STRAIGHT UP INTO MY BRAIN...FILLED ME WITH A FEELING OF UNACCOUNTABLE HORROR! I SEEMED TO BE DRIFTING WITH THEM...WE WERE GOING DOWN...DOWN...DOWN INTO THE LIMITLESS DEPTHS OF THE TUBE!"



"AND THEN...SUDDENLY...IT SEEMED AS IF THE TUBE EXPLODED IN A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT...A FLASH THAT REACHED ITS TENTACLES INTO THE DEEPEST RECESSES OF MY BRAIN! STRANGELY, I FELT AS IF MY MIND WERE BEING WRENCHED FROM ME, AS IF EVERY CELL OF MY BRAIN WERE BEING TRANSFORMED, REARRANGED IN SOME HORRIBLY NEW PATTERN!"



"I SUDDENLY FEARED THIS MACHINE...MY WHOLE BEING RECOILED IN HORROR FROM IT..."

AH, SO YOU SAW SOMETHING, EH? BELIEVE ME NOW?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT MACHINE IS...BUT TAKE IT OUT OF HERE! TAKE IT AND GET OUT!



ALL RIGHT, I'LL GO! BUT YOU'LL BE WANTING ME BACK AGAIN...TO TAKE YOU OUT OF THE MIRROR! YOU DON'T KNOW IT YET, BUT YOU'RE LIVING IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION NOW! EVERYTHING MAY LOOK NORMAL TO YOU, BUT YOU'RE ACTUALLY SEEING THINGS AS IF YOU WERE IN A MIRROR! YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH...



...AND THEN YOU'LL BEG ME TO COME BACK...BECAUSE THIS MACHINE IS THE ONLY THING THAT CAN TAKE YOU OUT OF THE MIRROR WORLD...WHA...?

THE SECRETARY SAID HE'S IN HERE...AH, THERE YOU ARE!

COME ALONG QUIETLY NOW...WE WON'T HURT YOU!



NO! NO! YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME...NEVER!





LOOK OUT!



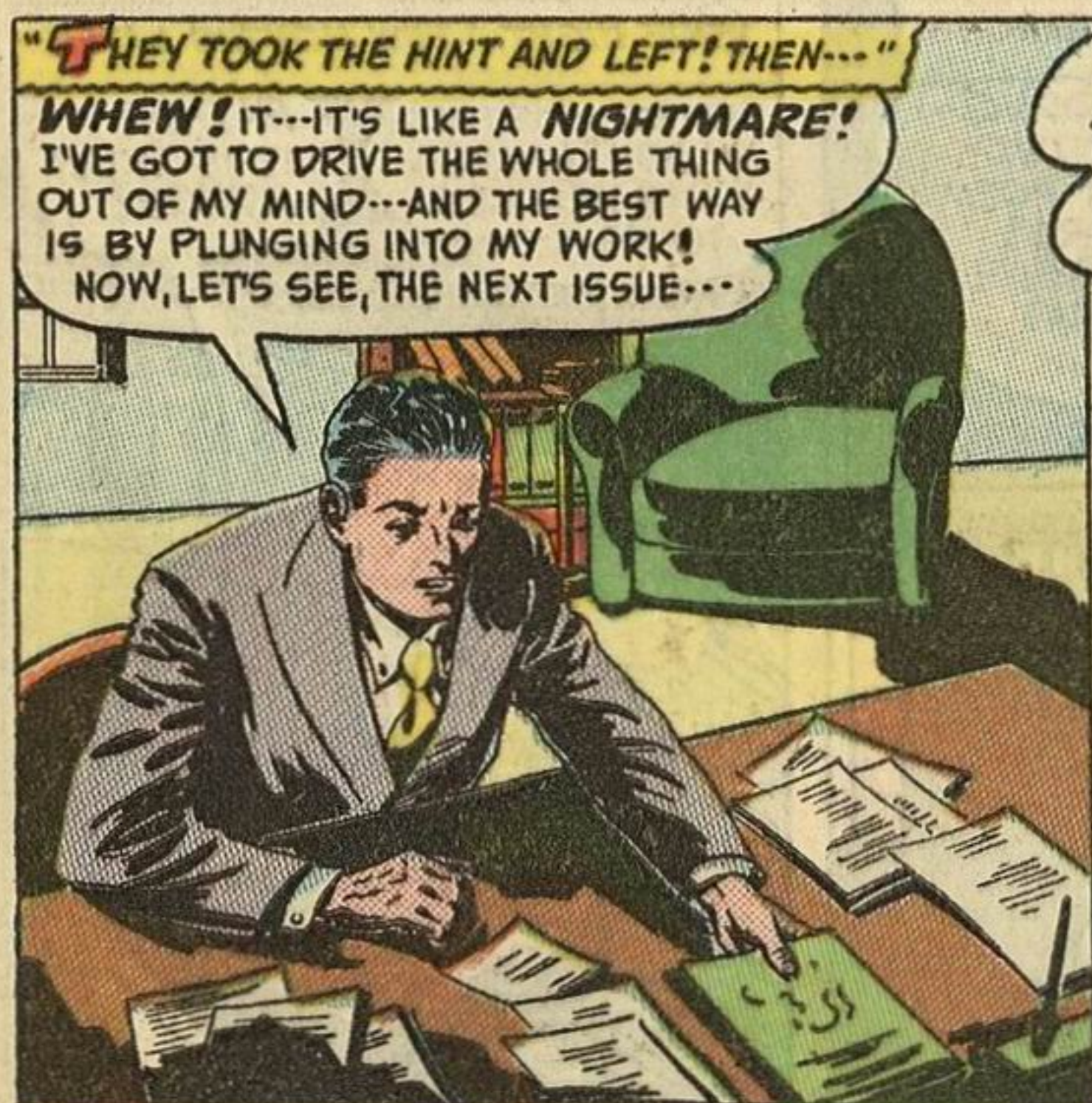
HELP!



POOR GUY! HE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE...WE'RE FOURTEEN FLIGHTS UP!

DID HE HURT YOU, SIR? WE TRIED GETTING HERE AS SOON AS WE COULD!

NO, NO...I'M ALL RIGHT...JUST A BIT SHOCKED, THAT'S ALL! I'LL BE OKAY IF I CAN BE BY MYSELF A FEW MINUTES!

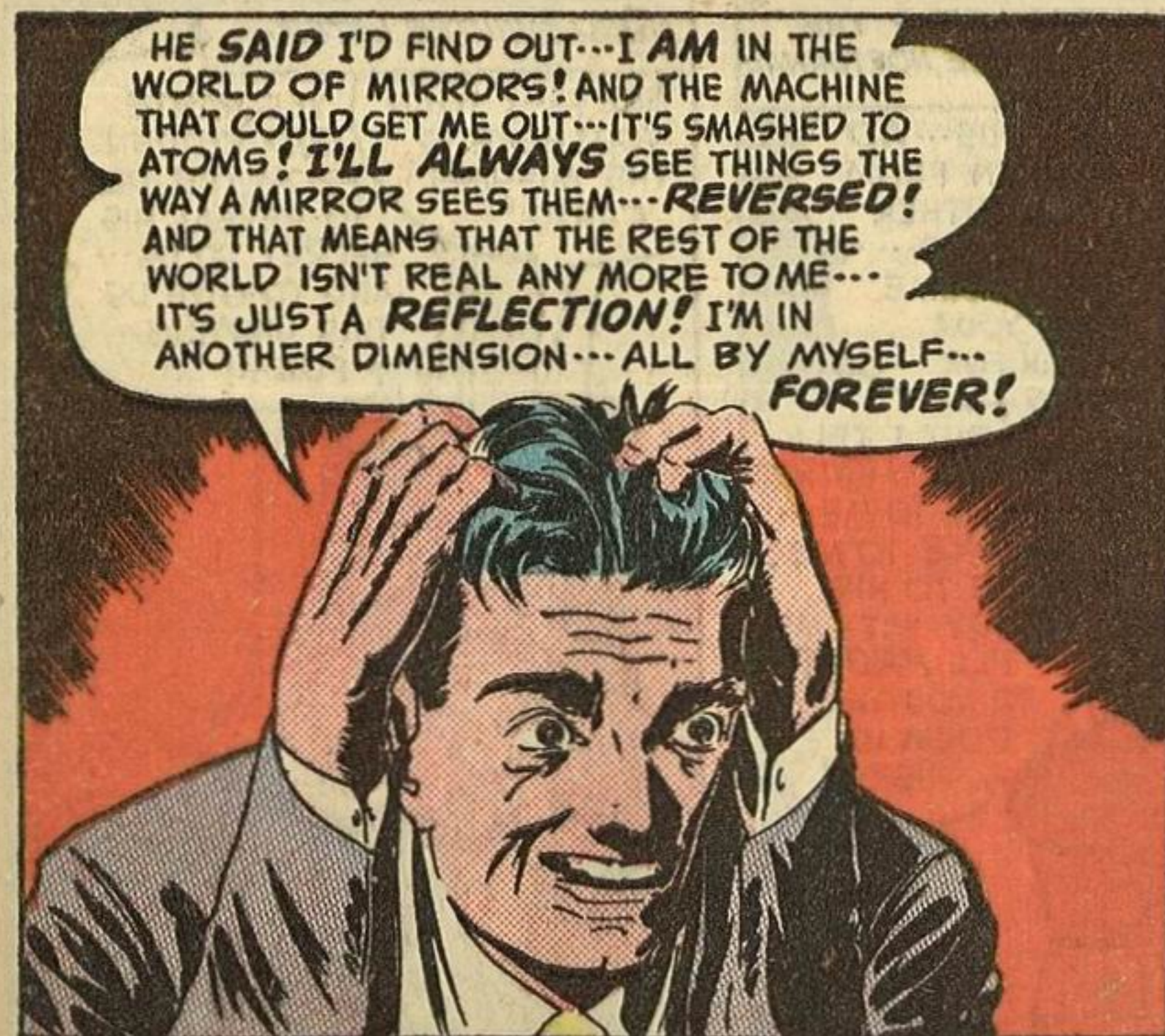


"THEY TOOK THE HINT AND LEFT! THEN..."

WHEW! IT...IT'S LIKE A NIGHTMARE! I'VE GOT TO DRIVE THE WHOLE THING OUT OF MY MIND...AND THE BEST WAY IS BY PLUNGING INTO MY WORK! NOW, LET'S SEE, THE NEXT ISSUE...



NO, NO! IT CAN'T BE... THOSE LETTERS THEY'RE REVERSED!



HE SAID I'D FIND OUT...I AM IN THE WORLD OF MIRRORS! AND THE MACHINE THAT COULD GET ME OUT...IT'S SMASHED TO ATOMS! I'LL ALWAYS SEE THINGS THE WAY A MIRROR SEES THEM...REVERSED! AND THAT MEANS THAT THE REST OF THE WORLD ISN'T REAL ANY MORE TO ME... IT'S JUST A REFLECTION! I'M IN ANOTHER DIMENSION...ALL BY MYSELF... FOREVER!

"YES, PERHAPS IT WAS ONLY A DREAM...BUT I STILL REMEMBER THE LAST THING I DID BEFORE I AWOK! THAT WAS TO RESIGN FROM MY POSITION AS RESEARCH CHIEF OF ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN, AND MAKE SURE THAT THIS STORY WAS INCLUDED IN THE NEXT ISSUE, THIS ISSUE! IT WAS TO BE A WARNING TO MY SUCCESSOR...AND TO YOU, READER...WHEN YOU COME ACROSS EVIDENCES OF THE UNKNOWN, DON'T DOUBT...BUT INVESTIGATE CAREFULLY! AND AS FOR ME...WELL, WHENEVER YOU LOOK IN A MIRROR, THINK OF ME, WON'T YOU?"

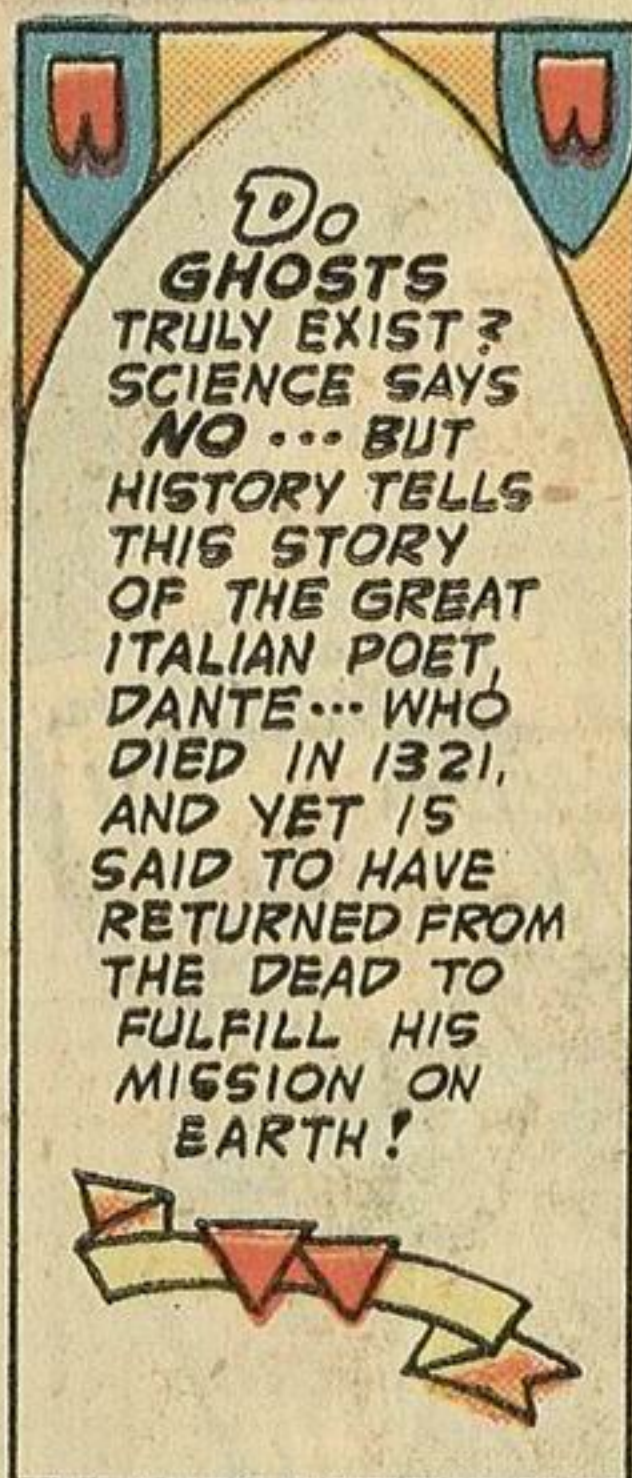
"True" GHOSTS of HISTORY



AH, DANTE'S DEATH IS A TREMENDOUS LOSS TO THE WORLD!

The POET WHO RETURNED FROM THE DEAD!

YES, BUT IT WILL BE AN EVEN GREATER LOSS IF WE DO NOT FIND THE MISSING THIRTEENTH CANTO OF HIS GREAT POEM, "PARADISE"! HE DIED BEFORE HE COULD TELL US WHERE IT IS, AND NOW WE WILL HAVE TO SEARCH FOR IT!



DO GHOSTS TRULY EXIST? SCIENCE SAYS NO... BUT HISTORY TELLS THIS STORY OF THE GREAT ITALIAN POET, DANTE... WHO DIED IN 1321, AND YET IS SAID TO HAVE RETURNED FROM THE DEAD TO FULFILL HIS MISSION ON EARTH!



AFTER A WEARY, FRUITLESS SEARCH...

IT IS NO USE... DANTE MUST HAVE DESTROYED THE MISSING CANTO!

YOU'RE WRONG... MY FATHER DID LEAVE THAT POEM... SOMEWHERE! I'LL NEVER GIVE UP SEARCHING FOR IT!



ONE NIGHT, A FEW MONTHS LATER...

PIETRO... PIETRO, MY SON! AWAKE... AND HEarken TO ME...

FATHER... IT IS TRULY THOU!



MY SON, YOU MUST REMOVE THE SECOND PANEL NEAR THE WINDOW OF MY STUDY... THE THIRTEENTH CANTO IS THERE! WHEN THAT HAS BEEN FOUND, THEN WILL I BE ABLE TO REST IN PEACE! AND NOW, I MUST RETURN... FROM WHENCE I CAME! FAREWELL, MY SON!



BUT WHEN PIETRO TOLD THE STORY OF THE STRANGE, NOCTURNAL VISIT...

PREPOSTEROUS... NO MAN CAN RETURN FROM THE DEAD! IT WAS EITHER AN IDLE DREAM, PIETRO... OR YOUR MIND HAS BECOME UNBALANCED FROM YOUR CEASELESS SEARCH FOR A POEM THAT DOES NOT EXIST!

BUT I TELL YOU, MY FATHER CAME TO ME... SPOKE TO ME! COME TO HIS STUDY WITH ME... I'LL PROVE TO YOU THE POEM IS THERE!

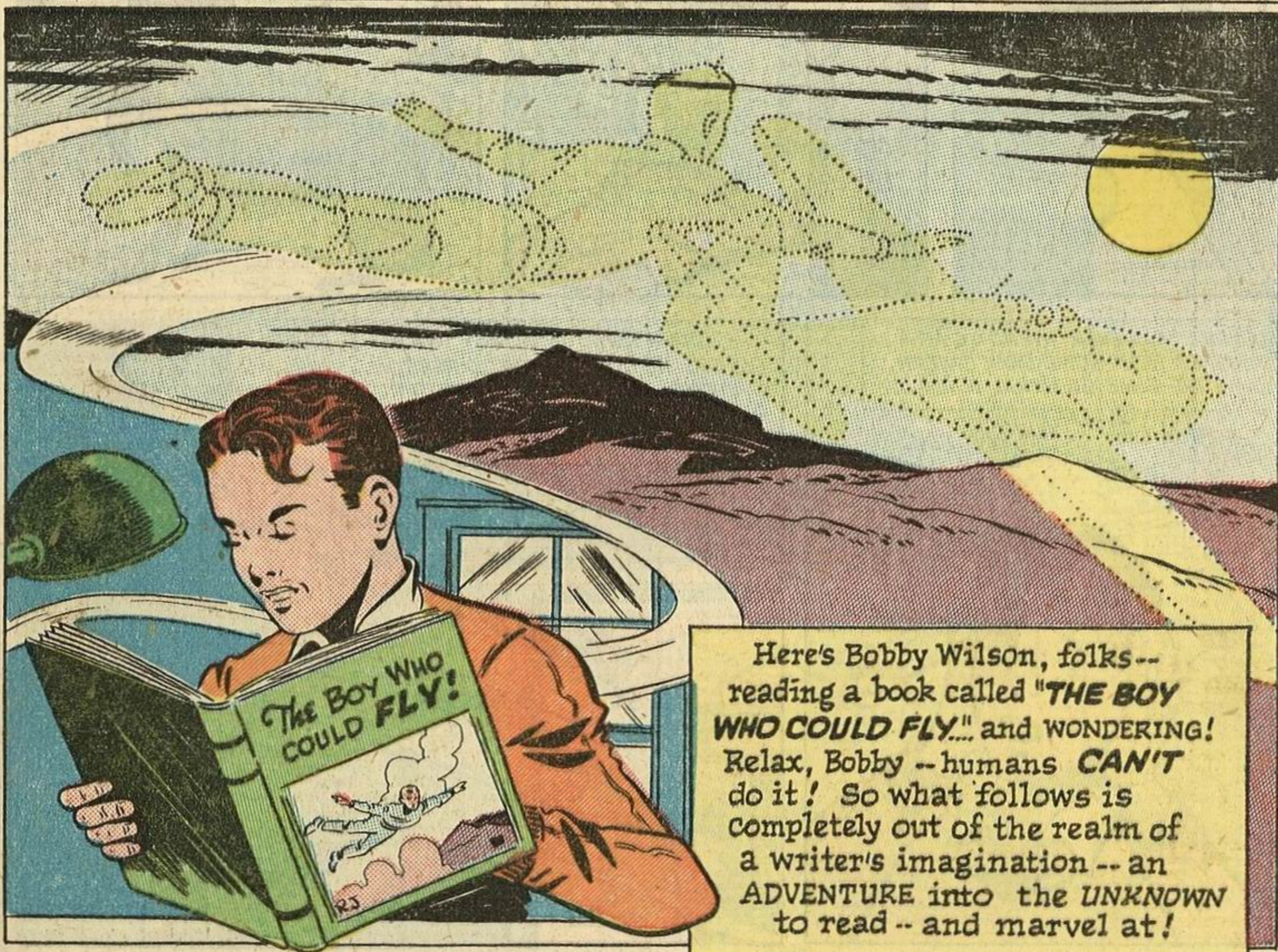


AND MINUTES LATER...

SEE?... I TOLD YOU! HERE IS THE MISSING CANTO!

YES, DANTE DID RETURN FROM THE DEAD TO REVEAL HIS SECRET TO US... AND TO GIVE US THIS UNDYING POEM!

The Boy Who Could FLY!



Here's Bobby Wilson, folks -- reading a book called "**THE BOY WHO COULD FLY**..." and WONDERING! Relax, Bobby -- humans **CAN'T** do it! So what follows is completely out of the realm of a writer's imagination -- an ADVENTURE into the **UNKNOWN** to read -- and marvel at!

SUPPOSE I **COULD** FLY ... JUST SUPPOSE! IF ONLY I KNEW HOW -- MY DAD WOULD BE **PROUD** OF ME!

THE DAY YOU WENT DOWN IN YOUR P-47, I SWORE -- SOMEDAY I'D FLY IN YOUR PLACE, DAD! BUT NOW -- IF I COULD TAKE OFF UNDER MY **OWN** POWER... **REALLY FLY**...

SUDDENLY, IT SEEMED AS IF THE EYES IN THE PICTURE CAME ALIVE! AND POUNDING IN HIS EARS... A SPECTRAL VOICE!

YOU **CAN** FLY, BOBBY WILSON! YOU ... CAN ... **FLY!**

THAT VOICE! WAS IT...?
NO! IT COULDN'T BE!
IT WAS IMAGINATION...
NOTHING BUT MY
IMAGINATION!



UNEXPECTEDLY -- FROM
BEYOND THE WINDOW --

**FIRE ENGINES
AND -- HOLY
SMOKE!**



THEY'RE GOING TO HIT THAT LITTLE
DOG IN THE ROAD! HE'LL BE
KILLED! IF I COULD ONLY
HELP ...



LOUDER THAN EVER, HYPNOTIC AS A
WHISPER FROM SOME DARK CAVERN,
CAME THE SAME SPECTRAL VOICE...

YOU CAN HELP! YOU CAN FLY...
FLY...



THE SOUND ROSE IN BOBBY WILSON'S EARS!
BEFORE HE COULD STOP TO REASON... WHY...
OR HOW... HE WAS SOARING THROUGH THE
AIR LIKE A BIRD IN FLIGHT...
A HUMAN BIRD!



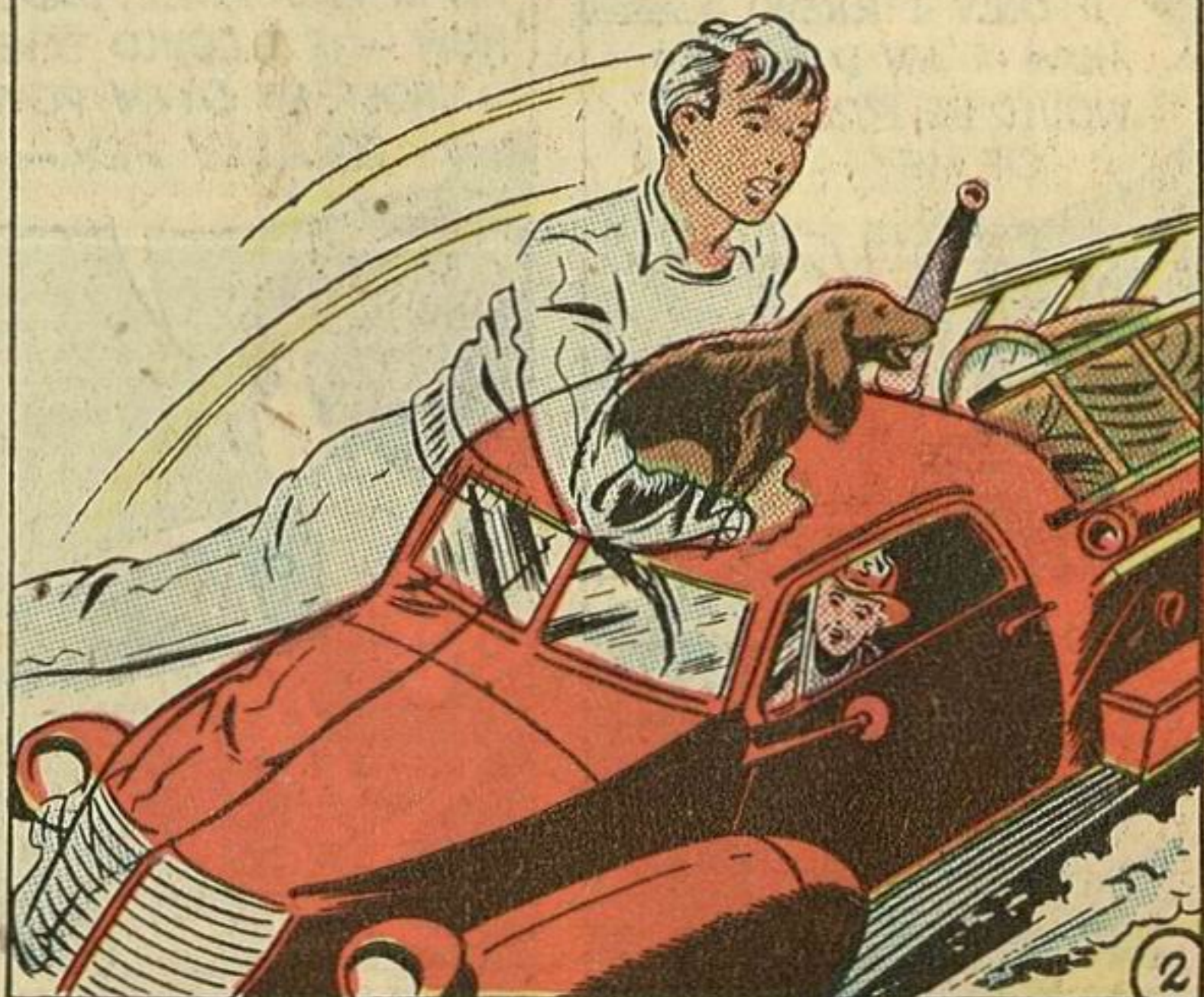
AS THE ENGINE BORE DOWN
ON THE HELPLESS DOG ...

LOOK OUT -- THAT
DOG IN THE
ROAD!

CAN'T STOP
NOW! HE'S
A **GONER!**



THEN... A STRANGE, HEART-STOPPING SIGHT!

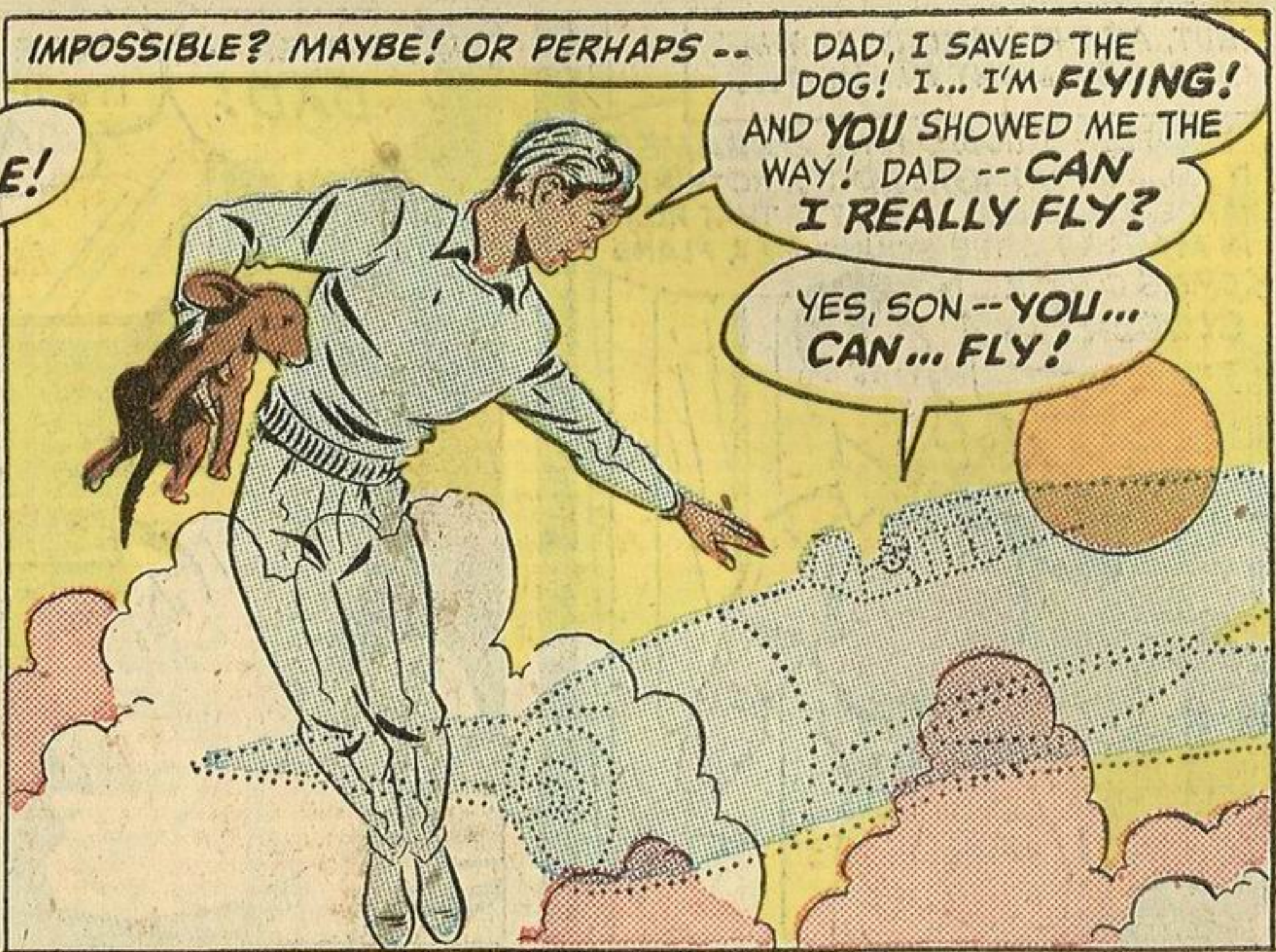




THE DOG'S **GONE!**
LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE
GRABBED HIM AWAY...
BUT THERE'S **NO**
ONE THERE!

I **DON'T**
BELIEVE
IT! IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!

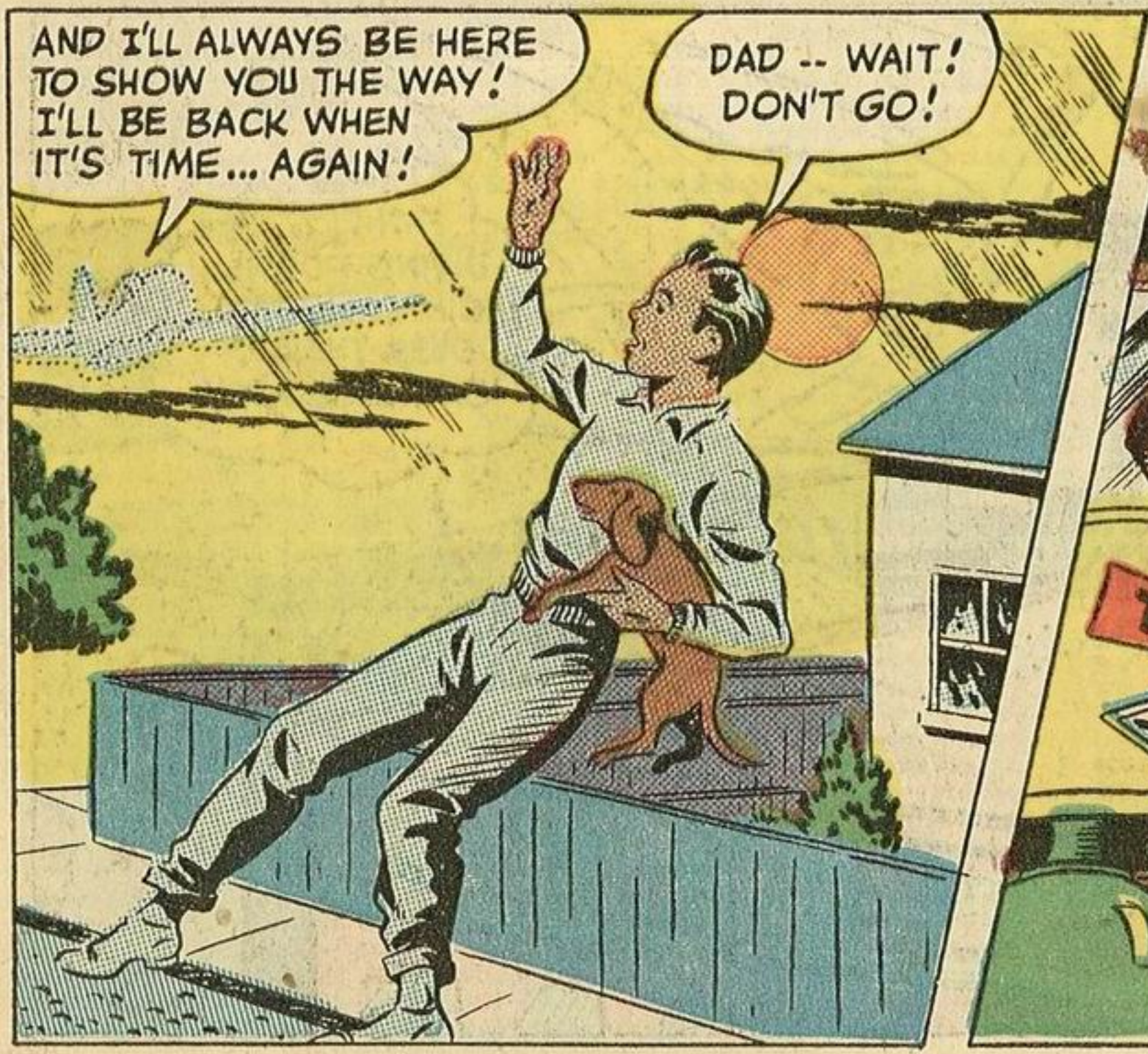
I CAN'T
BELIEVE IT!



IMPOSSIBLE? **MAYBE!** OR **PERHAPS --**

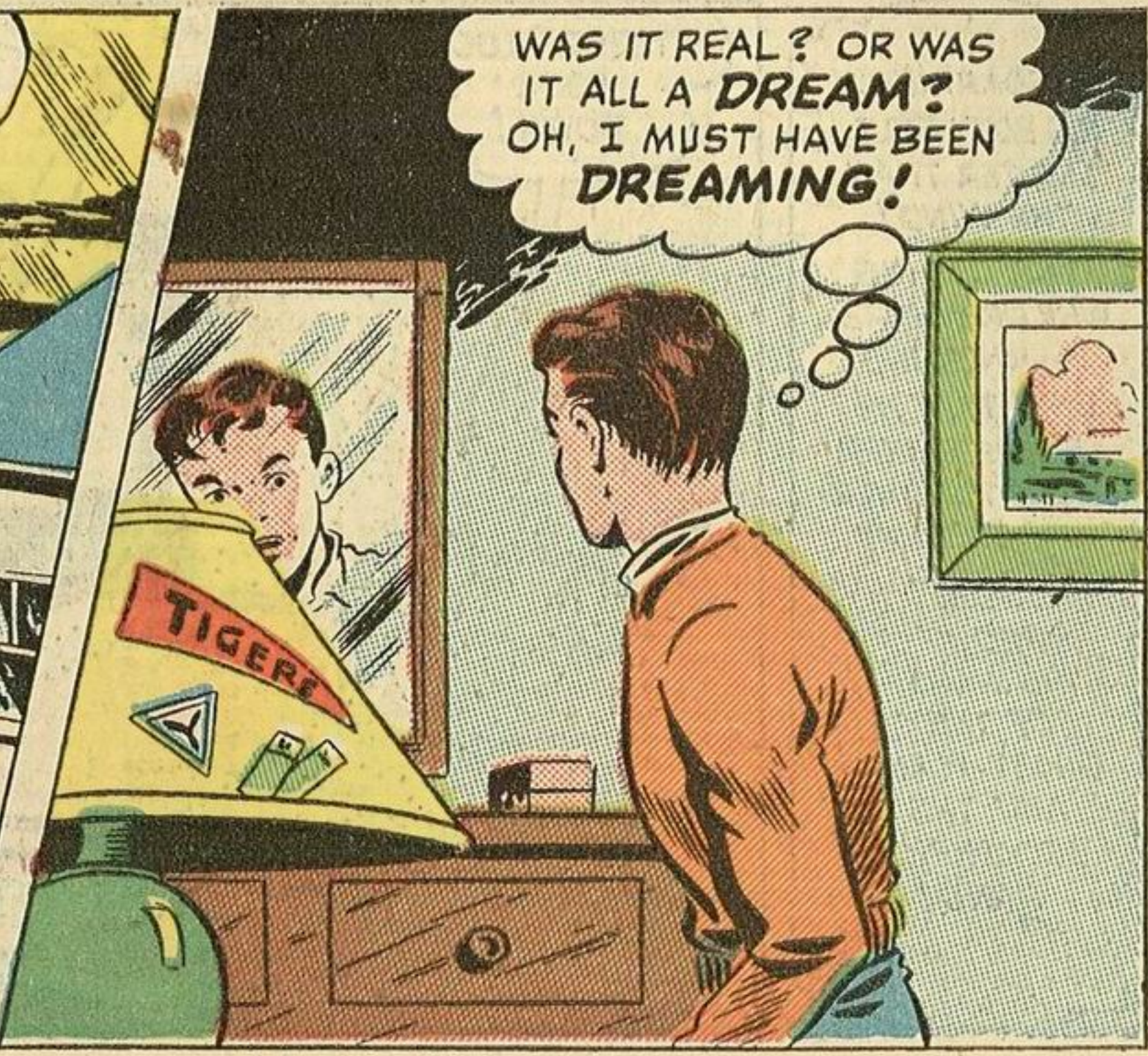
DAD, I SAVED THE
DOG! I... I'M **FLYING!**
AND **YOU** SHOWED ME THE
WAY! DAD -- **CAN**
I REALLY FLY?

YES, SON -- **YOU...**
CAN... FLY!



AND I'LL ALWAYS BE HERE
TO SHOW YOU THE WAY!
I'LL BE BACK WHEN
IT'S TIME... **AGAIN!**

DAD -- WAIT!
DON'T GO!



WAS IT REAL? OR WAS
IT ALL A **DREAM?**
OH, I MUST HAVE BEEN
DREAMING!



NO! THAT PUP...
HE'S NO **DREAM!**
IT WAS **REAL!**

ARRF!
ARRRF!



BOBBY WILSON HAD TO GO TO
SOMEONE WITH HIS STRANGE,
TERRIFYING STORY! HE WENT
TO HIS MOTHER!...

MOM, IT'S **NOT** A DREAM! I **SAW**
THE DOG! I COULD **SEE** DAD...
HEAR HIM... **SPEAK**
TO HIM... HE WAS
THERE! AND WE
WERE **FLYING...**
DAD GAVE ME THE
POWER TO **FLY!**

MOTHER, YOU'VE
GOT TO
BELIEVE ME!



I... I BELIEVE YOU, SON, BUT
PROMISE ME ONE THING! KEEP
THIS A SECRET... **OUR** SECRET!
IT'S BETTER THAT WAY!

THIS **IS** OUR
SECRET, MOTHER
... I PROMISE!
BUT--ONE THING
I KNOW... IT
REALLY
HAPPENED!

BUT, AS THE MEMORY OF THAT STRANGE NIGHT DIMMED...

I SUPPOSE I COULD HAVE DREAMED IT ALL...OR IMAGINED IT! NOTHING'S HAPPENED SINCE... WAIT! THAT ROAR IN MY EARS... THE SOUND OF A PLANE COMING CLOSER... CLOSER!...



FATHER --
DAD!

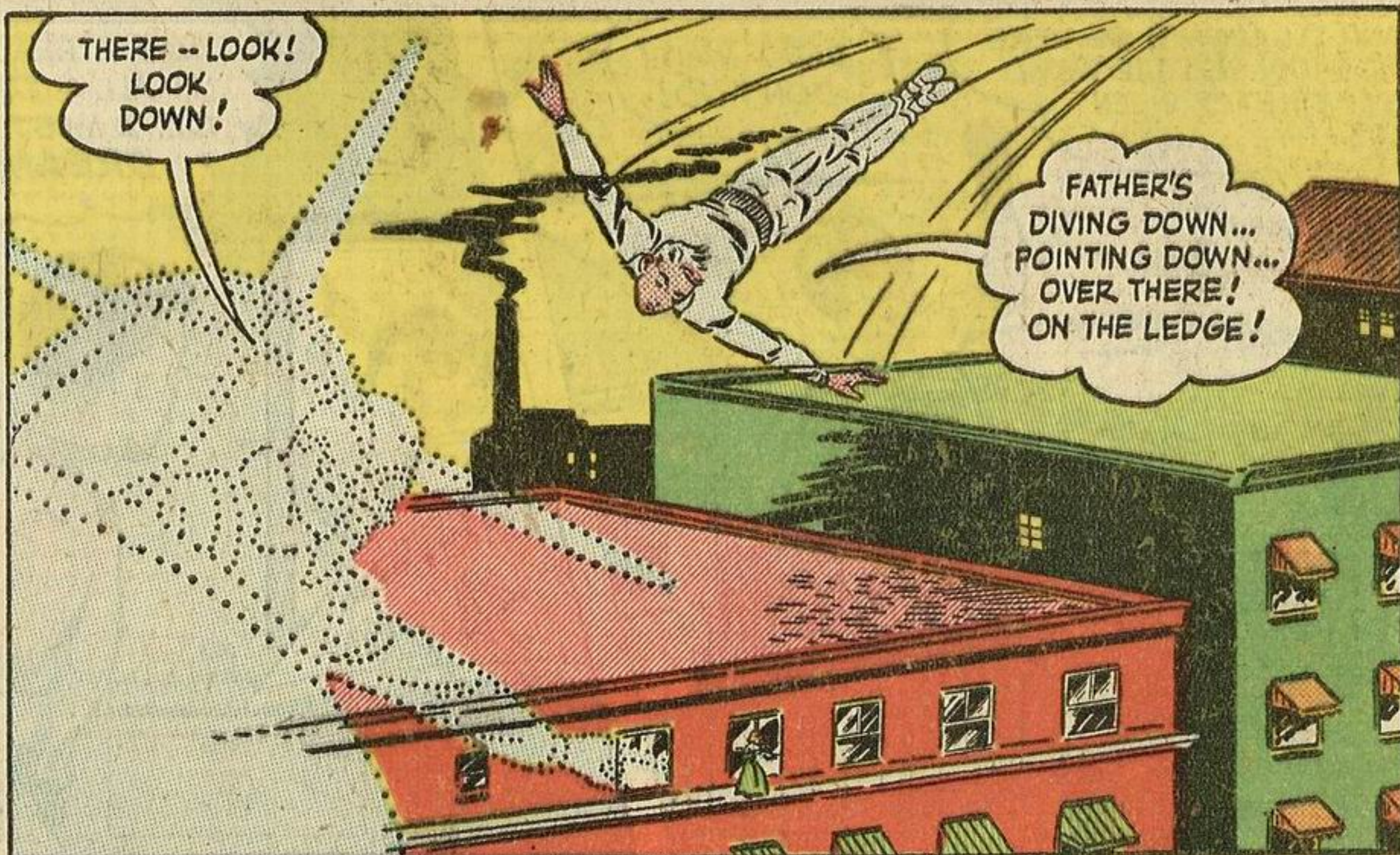
COME QUICKLY, SON,
IT'S TIME! I NEED YOU...
AGAIN!



SOARING...
HIS BODY FELT
LIGHTER THAN
THE WIND!
NOT CARING
WHY OR WHERE
...KNOWING
ONLY THAT HE
AND HIS FATHER
WERE TOGETHER
AGAIN...

BOBBY
SPED IN
THE WAKE
OF THE
GHOST-PLANE
AND THE
BECKONING
HAND!

THERE -- LOOK!
LOOK
DOWN!



FATHER'S
DIVING DOWN...
POINTING DOWN...
OVER THERE!
ON THE LEDGE!

ON THE LEDGE ...

A SLEEPWALKER -- AND SHE'S
ABOUT TO GO OVER! IF -- ONLY
I'M NOT TOO
LATE --



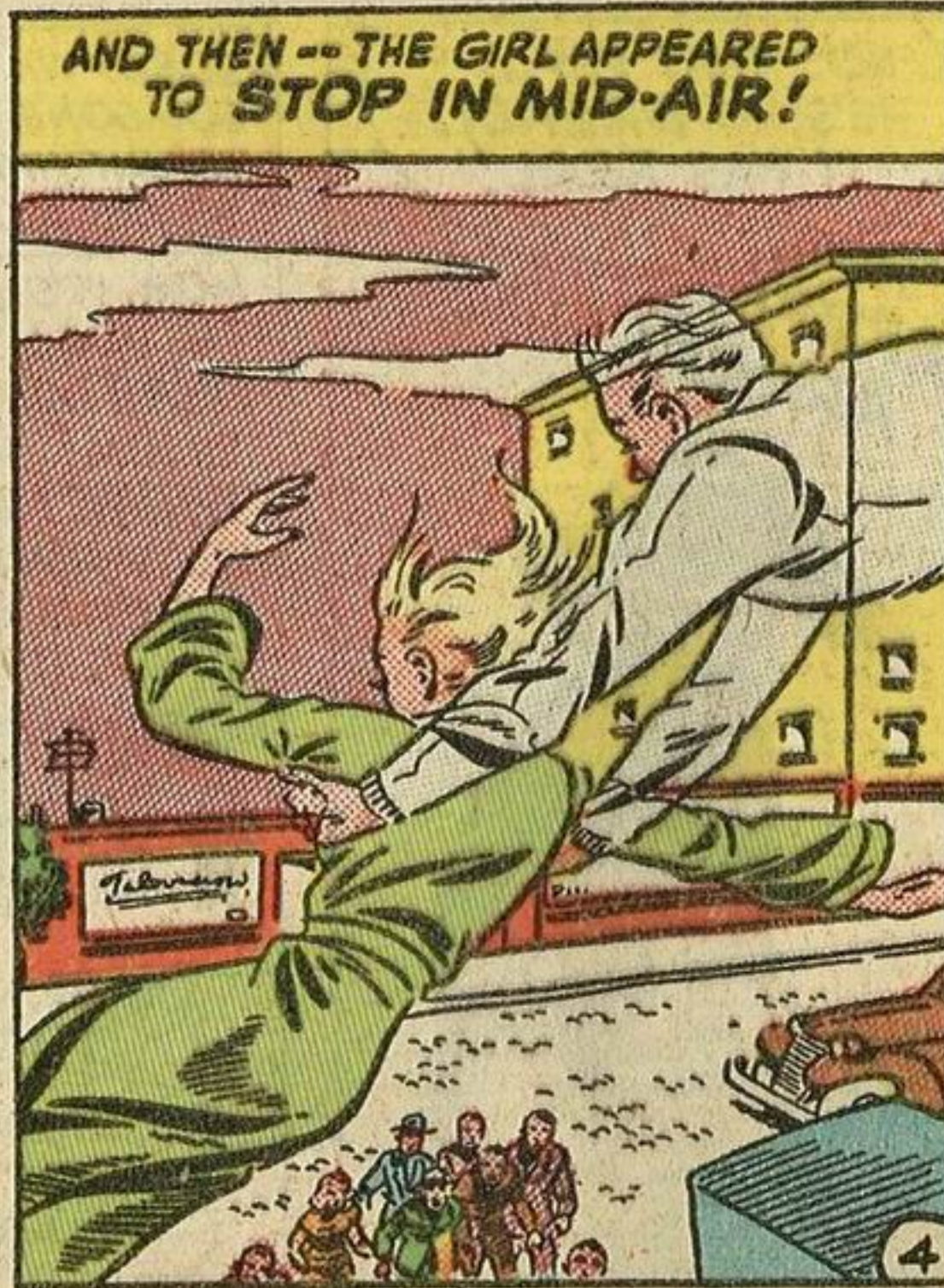
BELOW, AS THE CROWD
GAZED UPWARD --

SHE'S STEPPING
OFF THE
LEDGE!

THERE
SHE GOES!
SHE'S
FALLING!
IT'S SURE
DEATH!



AND THEN -- THE GIRL APPEARED
TO STOP IN MID-AIR!





SHE'S SO SMALL AND LIGHT...
I CAN EASILY SWING HER
IN HERE!

SAINTS
ALIVE -- IT
LOOKS LIKE
SHE'S
JUMPING
RIGHT BACK
THROUGH
THE
WINDOW!



DID YOU SEE WHAT
I SAW? SHE WENT
BACK THROUGH THAT
OPEN WINDOW
UNDER
HER OWN
POWER!

SHE'S SAFE NOW!
GOT TO GET BACK...
TO DAD!

I DON'T
BELIEVE
IT! IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!



EXTRA Evening News
MIRACLE ON CITY STREET
Mystery Rescue! Girl Safe
And Sound After Drop From
Ledge! Falling Body Seen
To Leap Back Into Window!
"Unbelievable!
Magic!"
Spectators
Swear



"UNBELIEVABLE! IMPOSSIBLE!
A MIRACLE!" A WEEK AGO, I
WOULD HAVE SAID IT WAS ALL
THAT... AND MORE! BUT NOW...
I DON'T KNOW!
ALL I KNOW
IS... I CAN
FLY!

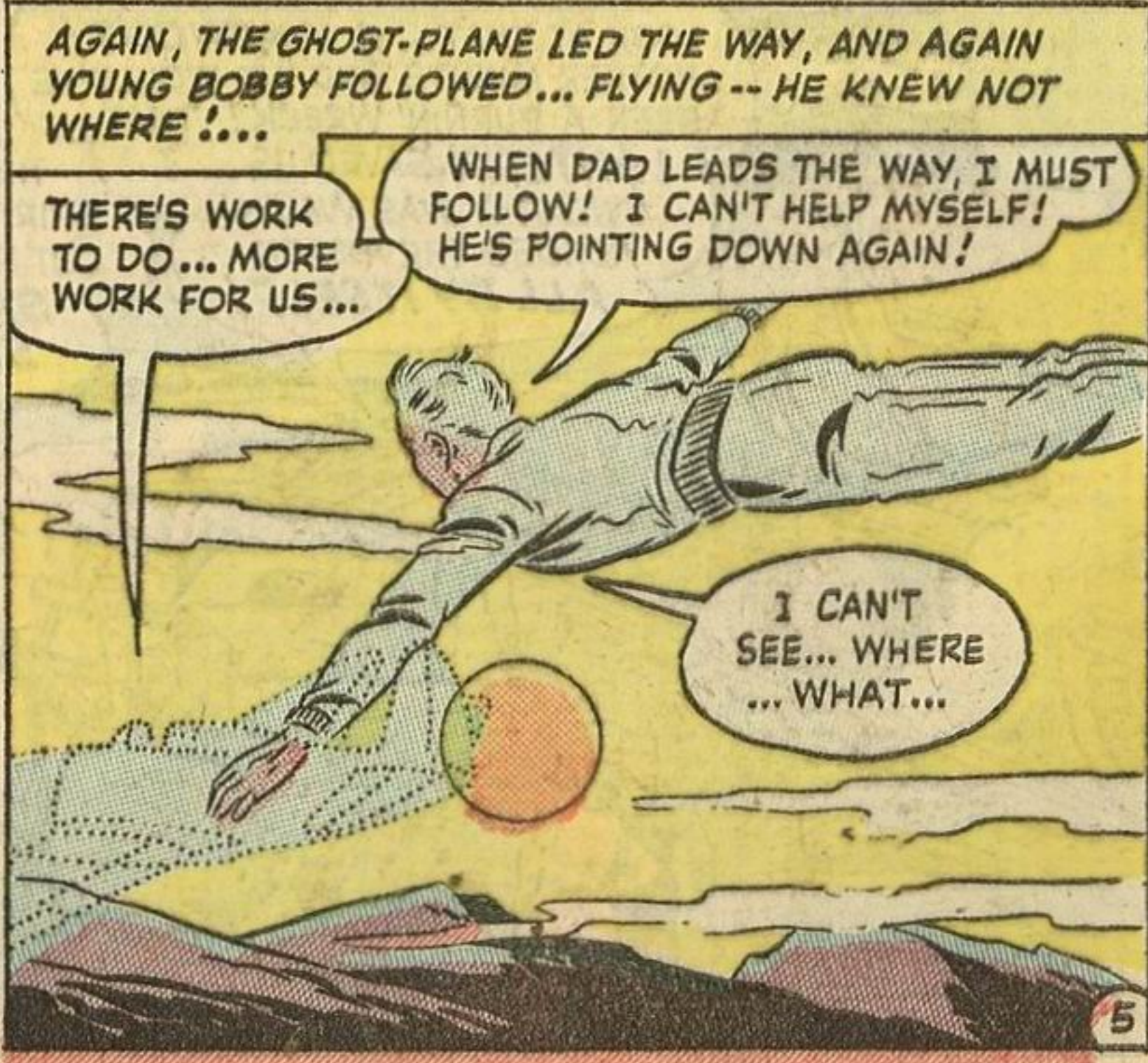


AS SUDDENLY AS BEFORE, AS BOBBY
WILSON ENTERED THE HOUSE...

THE SOUND OF THE PLANE -- AGAIN!
THE ROAR ... GOT TO GET TO THE
WINDOW! DAD --
I'M COMING!



I'M COMING!



AGAIN, THE GHOST-PLANE LED THE WAY, AND AGAIN
YOUNG BOBBY FOLLOWED... FLYING -- HE KNEW NOT
WHERE

THERE'S WORK
TO DO... MORE
WORK FOR US...

WHEN DAD LEADS THE WAY, I MUST
FOLLOW! I CAN'T HELP MYSELF!
HE'S POINTING DOWN AGAIN!

I CAN'T
SEE... WHERE
... WHAT...

THE GHOSTLY FINGER POINTED THE COURSE AND THE BOY WHO COULD FLY WAITED TO ASK NO QUESTIONS! HE SHOT DOWN...

THE RAILROAD BRIDGE IS WASHED OUT! THAT HEADLIGHT -- **THE TRAIN'S COMING!**



DOWN...

GOT TO... GET... THAT LANTERN! **GOT IT!**

!!!!



IN THE DARKNESS, FLOATING THROUGH THE AIR, THE BALL OF LIGHT GLOWED LIKE A GIANT FIREBUG FROM SOME UNKNOWN WORLD!

MAYBE THEY'LL SPOT THE LANTERN -- SEE MY WARNING SIGNAL ... IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE TO STOP THE TRAIN IN TIME!



I HATE THIS FOG... I CAN'T SEE A THING!

YEAH --- **HEY!** THERE'S A LANTERN WAVING ACROSS THE TRACK ... BUT **THERE'S NOBODY WAVING IT!**



THE HISS OF AIR BRAKES -- THE SCREAMING OF GIANT WHEELS ON THE RAILS -- AND THE HUGE TRAIN GROUND TO A STOP!



LOOK AT THAT... **A WASHOUT!** ANOTHER MINUTE AND WE WOULD'VE BEEN A BURNIN' WRECK! THAT **LANTERN SAVED US...** I SWEAR IT WAS WAVIN' ACROSS THE TRACK **ALL BY ITSELF!**

IT WAS A MIRACLE! THAT'S IT... A **MIRACLE!** THERE WAS A SPIRIT WATCHING OUT FOR US... A **SAVING SPIRIT!**

WE'VE DONE IT AGAIN! YOU AND I, DAD... **TOGETHER!**



SWIFTLY THE NEWS SPREAD! A SAVING SPIRIT SEEMED ABROAD IN THE NIGHT, FLYING TO SUCCOR THE HELPLESS IN A MERCILESS WORLD!

WHO -- OR WHAT -- IS THE SAVING SPIRIT? THREE TIMES HE HAS COME WHEN NEEDED! ... TO SAVE A LITTLE DOG, AN INNOCENT GIRL, AND A SPEEDING TRAIN! TO THE SAVING SPIRIT -- IF YOU CAN HEAR ME NOW... OUR MOST HUMBLE THANKS!

ON THE AIR!



SHORTLY AFTERWARD --

AM I A... A SAVING SPIRIT? I -- DON'T KNOW...

COME ON! CLIMB UP HERE, BOBBY -- YOU'RE AS SLOW AS MOLASSES IN JANUARY!



SLOW? HE'S ALWAYS LAST... THE SLOWEST GUY IN THE GANG!

LOOK AT HIM CRAWL LIKE AN OLD LADY! HE CAN'T DO A THING BUT READ BOOKS!



THINK YOU CAN MAKE THE REST OF THE HIKE, BOBBY? OR D'YOU WANT US TO CARRY YOU? HA-HA-HA!

THEY'RE ALWAYS RAGGING ME! BUT THIS IS THE LAST TIME! I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL THEM!



A WARNING FORGOTTEN -- A SECRET REVEALED!

SHUT UP -- ALL OF YOU! YOU'VE BEEN RAZZING ME LONG ENOUGH! THIS TIME -- LISTEN TO ME! I CAN FLY! ME -- BOBBY WILSON! I'M THE SAVING SPIRIT!



YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME! I CAN TELL!

LISTEN TO THAT CHUMP WILSON RAVE! HE'S OFF HIS NUT!

HA-HA-HA!

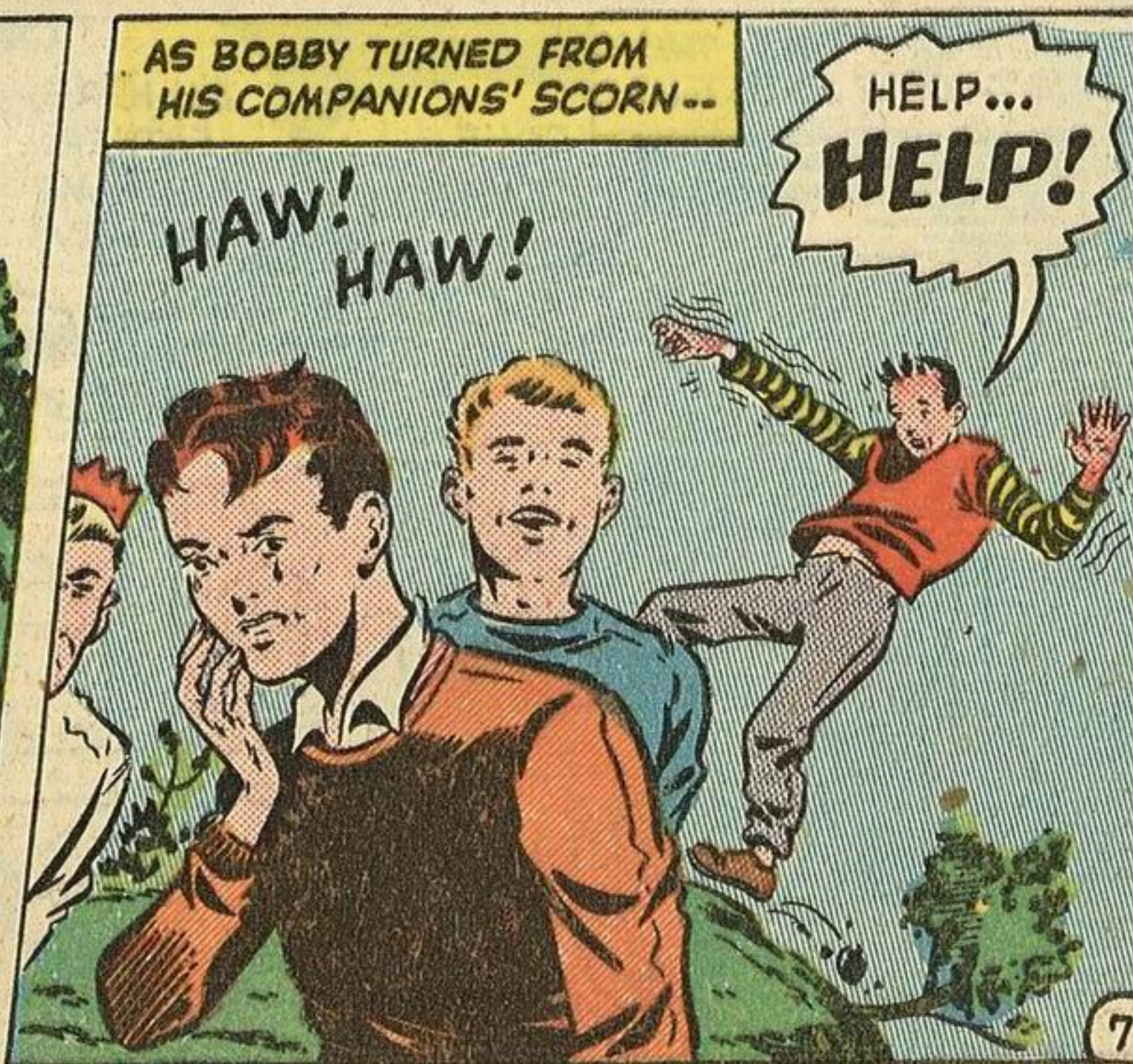


AS BOBBY TURNED FROM HIS COMPANIONS' SCORN --

HAW! HAW!

HELP...

HELP!





WE'LL NEVER GET TO HIM! **NO ONE** CAN GET TO HIM NOW!

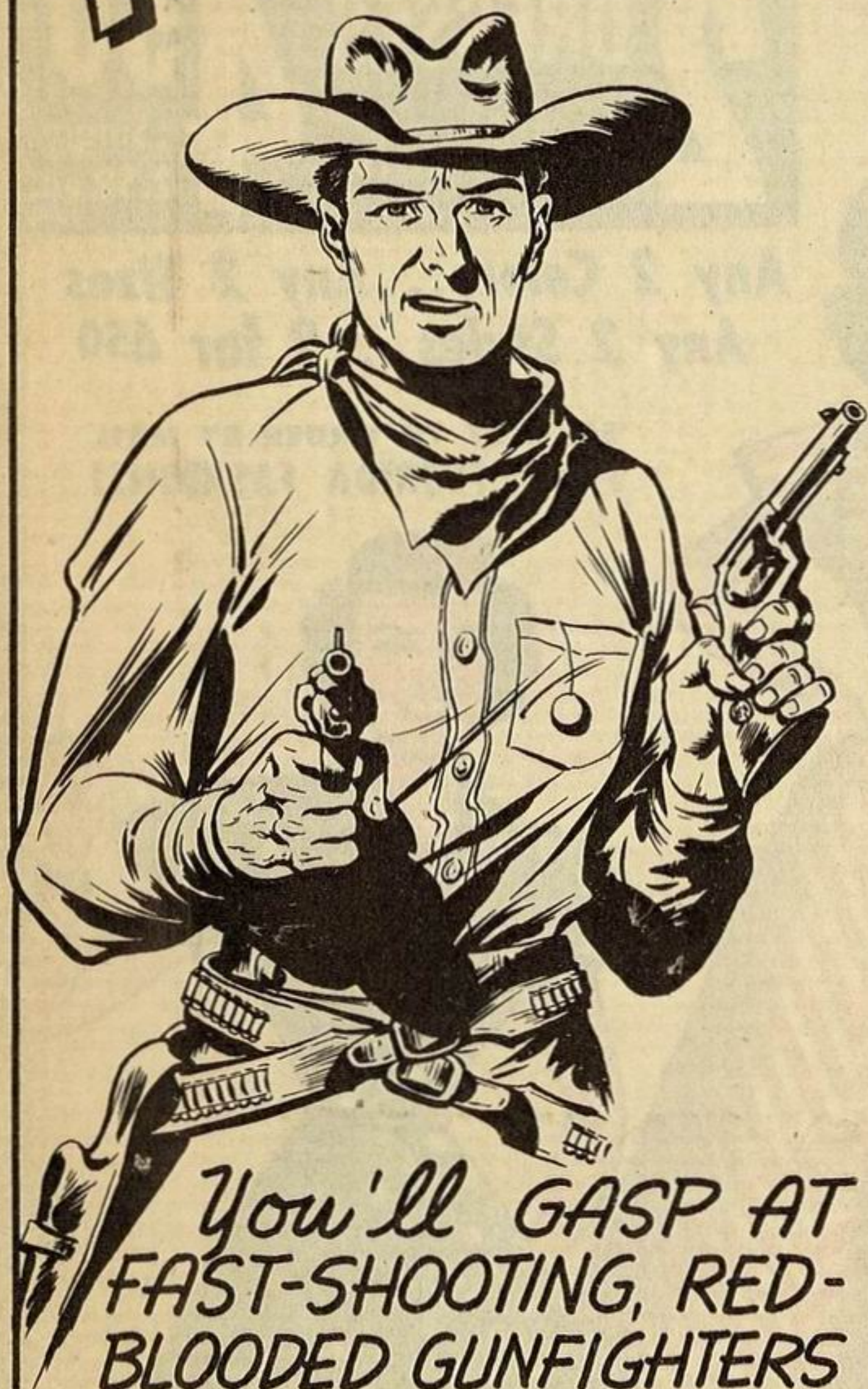


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THAT PACK A POWERHOUSE
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THRILL TO HARD-FIGHTING,
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